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Death of Polish Jewry

By JACOB LESTSCHINSKY

AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR Polish Jewry assumed a leading part in the Jewish world. The store of national creative energy which fertilized the life of the Jews in all corners of the world, including Palestine; which endowed all Jewish national and political as well as all spiritual and cultural movements with content and vitality—this it was that made Polish Jewry the leading political and spiritual center of world Jewry. For at the close of the whole period of assimilation Polish Jewry turned out to be the one least affected by it, the most nationally conscious, the most militant in the political activity on behalf of Jewish national rights and the most dignified in the human aspect of its national life.

What factors made the national-cultural heritage of Polish Jewry richer and more endowed with vitality, more conservative and more creative than all others? We say "were" rather than "is," for no matter how large the number of Jews still surviving in Poland, the old spirit of Polish Jewry has certainly been destroyed. People who went through three, four, or even five deportations; who were subjected to three, four or five transformations as economic agents; who witnessed the murder of their children and parents, brothers and sisters and who faced death many times daily—that remnant of Polish Jewry will not be able to salvage from the catastrophe any considerable store of national creative energy.

I

Only 170 years ago Polish Jewry was almost the equivalent of world Jewry.

In Poland on the eve of the first partition (1772) there lived about 70% of the Jews of the world and over 80% of the Ashkenazi Jews, the main, if not indeed the only, bearer of the historical national continuity of the Jewish people. All larger and smaller Jewish settlements grown up in the past 150 years, both in Europe and in other parts of the world, are biologically and culturally branches of the Polish Jewish tree—of the only Diaspora tree which drew its nourishment from the same soil for such a long and continuous period of time, almost ten centuries!

Continuity and deep solid roots in the soil, traditionality and effective inertia, a sound religious and national conservatism, an especially vital national instinct and an especially outspoken almost demonstrative, national pride, a peculiar sense of national responsibility, a maximum of national discipline compared to other Jewish communities in the Diaspora—all these most characteristic traits of Polish Jewry were in a very large measure an organic result of the long and continuous life of Polish Jewry on the same soil, under the same sky beside the same Vistula.

Besides the circumstances of physical environment there were other factors of importance which contributed to the crystallization and consolidation and to the intensive development of the sense of national unity and responsibility among the Jews of Poland.

Before all came the simple fact of numbers, the density of Jewish population in Poland. In no other country in the world, (except the small and unimportant Jew-

ish community in Carpatho-Russia) did Jews form so high a percentage of the population as in Poland. Nowhere in the world did Jews concentrate so thickly and so compactly; nowhere were they so closely huddled in isolation from the surrounding population, as in Poland. In considerable parts of Poland the Jews always had near themselves and against themselves not a homogeneous national mass, but a mixture, a conglomeration of two and often three nationalities: in the Western regions—Poles and Germans; in East Galicia—Ukrainians, Poles and Germans; in the Eastern regions—Lithuanians, Byelorussians, Poles, and even splinters of Russian population. The struggle among the languages and cultures of the different surrounding nationalities was bound to weaken the assimilating power of each over the Jewish population. The unceasing and ever growing struggle of the backward ethnic groups for their national existence, for their national speech and culture despite their poverty and primitive condition, inevitably awakened in the Jewish masses the desire to protect their own speech and culture and not to lose respect for their own national individuality in the face of the stronger and richer culture of the dominant Polish group.

A minority in the country, Jews for a long time formed a majority and often an absolute majority in most of the towns and cities of Poland, especially in the periphery, the Ukrainian and Byelorussian regions, where Jews until recently formed the major part of the population in many towns and where Yiddish was the dominant language. In the main streets of those towns and in the market places the Jews often formed all of one hundred per cent. The non-Jewish population lived almost exclusively in the periphery of those urban centres, in the agricultural sectors of the urban points.

In the large cities which grew up the isolation of the Jews was not on the same large scale and of the same effect as in

smaller towns, but there, too, were districts of the city where Jews formed 80% or 90% of the whole population. The majority of the Jewish population in the larger urban centers lived in purely Jewish districts. Only a minority, usually the more well-to-do, and more educated, lived scattered among non-Jews. In the large city the Jew had the benefit of the Polish theatre, the Polish newspaper, and of Polish culture generally. But the density of the large Jewish masses provided a soil for Jewish theatres and newspapers and other cultural institutions. For the largest portion of the Jewish city population Polish culture was a luxury; modern Jewish culture became—or was in the way of becoming—cultural bread.

That manifold concentration and isolation in urban type communities, in separate regions of the towns and cities, in a limited number of central streets of the medium and small towns, and in separate ghetto-districts in the large cities—that physical separation is not a specific phenomenon of Jews in Poland. We find it among Jews all over the world and among other ethnic groups as well. But nowhere has it reached such a scale and nowhere has it had such a long continuous history behind it as in Poland. Nor has it had anywhere else such a wide isolated economic base under it as in Poland. This economic base not only strengthened and intensified the physical isolation, but also made it more fruitful and vital.

The extent of the concentration, its long and continuous duration and, finally, its coincidence with social and economic isolation played a tremendous role in consolidating and cementing the Jewish minority as a national entity; in the matter of providing a more or less favorable soil for religious and national forms of life peculiar to the Jews; in the matter of providing a source for the organic conversion of the old religious cultural values into modern national cultural works. In Poland the Yiddish language managed to survive longer and more stubbornly as

the speech of the majority of the Jewish population, but there it also proved itself to possess more creative vitality, more resistance to the surrounding waves of assimilation; to develop organically even under modern conditions of life and in competition with the politically and culturally dominant language of the population surrounding it.

The same may be said of the Hebrew language and culture. In several countries there were *cheders* and *yeshivas* where Torah and the Talmud were taught, but only in Poland did the old Hebrew culture develop organically into modern Hebrew culture, and only in Poland did the Hebrew language keep step in its development with the miraculous transformation from a language of the book into a living language of the street as in Palestine.

II

In the social and economic sense the Jews in Poland for many generations formed an environment so unique that until the rise of the Polish middle class in the second half of the 19th century they formed a socio-economic organism by themselves. For many years, for centuries, the Jews were so preponderant in the trading class that one could fully consider all traders as Jews. Thanks to that fact the mistake was made of affirming that all Jews were traders. This was never correct, and least of all was it so in the 19th century. Yet it was a natural exaggeration, because as recently as 20 or 30 years ago the Jews in many parts of Poland formed ninety or more per cent of all traders. Even where the non-Jewish middle-class had already risen, it consisted during the first decades almost exclusively of food merchants, leaving until well after the First World War, all other branches of trade, such as textiles, woolens, hardware, in Jewish hands. Foreign trade was almost exclusively in Jewish hands until very recent years, when the Polish government began plan-

ning and regulating economic life generally and export and import trade in particular; thereupon arose a non-Jewish, mainly a Polish, export and import merchant class.

Constituting a class by themselves, the trading class, the Jews naturally had close contact with the surrounding population, but that contact was of an external character, it was purely business: it neither led to, nor compelled a more intimate relationship to the speech of the non-Jew. The transaction took place between two distinct ethnic groups, whose cultural and spiritual lives differed from each other in spite of the proximity in which they lived, and in spite of the fact that they formed part of the same economic organism and of the same political body. This is to be explained not only by the religious barrier which for hundreds of years was so high and firm, but also by the fact that the Jews carried on their dealings with a primitive peasant population to which they were not called upon to adapt themselves culturally or even linguistically beyond the most necessary and elementary words. Jews had dealings also with the Polish nobility, but the latter was too arrogant to think of a Jew as a potential equal of whom they could expect cultural adaptation to themselves.

In handicraft, the second branch of economic activity in which the Jews were represented in large numbers and which kept growing in the past fifty years, Jews were not so concentrated nor so isolated as in trade. But in some crafts, such as tailoring, shoemaking, carpentry, capmaking, the Jews in urban centres formed a large majority. Eighty to ninety per cent of all Jewish artisans were engaged in those trades. This, again, made for an isolated social group.

Only in the past fifty years, and especially in the past twenty years of Polish independence the number of Polish storekeepers and Polish artisans began to rise rapidly, particularly in the large cities. The exclusive nature of Jewish occupa-

tions then began to disappear. But of that revolution in Jewish life we shall speak later.

In the medium and still more in the large cities where a chauvinistic Polish educated class and officialdom had arisen, new Polish traders and artisans began to compete with Jews in recent years. But for the most part the Polish artisans and traders settled in new sections of the cities or, at any rate, in different sections from those inhabited by Jews. Very seldom now would a Jew open a store in a purely Polish neighborhood, not for fear of competition, nor because of legal obstacles, but for fear of boycott and physical violence. Moreover, the Polish novice in the trade had the support of the government in the form of cheap credit, lower taxes, and many other privileges not granted to the Jew.

As a consequence, in the large and in most of the medium towns, a Jewish ghetto rose again, a section of the city where Jewish businesses were isolated. That is what the Nalewki district in Warsaw looked like and several districts of that type in Lodz, in Bialystok, in Wilno, and in many other cities.

The practical result was that in the large cities, too, the main body of the Jewish population remained isolated and separated from the non-Jews. One must add that the Jewish section of the town lived mainly not on the local urban population but rather on the rural communities for which it produced or distributed, or on foreign trade on a scale not confined to the needs of the given town but inclusive of the whole country. On the other hand, the newly risen Polish urban districts lived almost exclusively on the customer close at hand.

But there was, nevertheless, a bridge between these two national "ghettos." It consisted of the central streets which lay between them, and in which the stores, the workshops, the drug-stores, the restaurants, were mixed. Here the competition was an open one, and, insofar as it

was not affected by government action, or boycott pickets, an equal one. But for our subject it is more important to note that in recent decades sections of towns grew up in which it was possible for the assimilated Jew to disguise his business both by his own manner and pure Polish speech and by employing predominantly Polish help. By removing himself as far as possible from the purely Jewish to the purely Polish district, he could hope eventually to integrate himself with a Polish environment, one that had the power and could determine the future of the country.

In industry the situation was somewhat different, but at bottom identical. Of all those engaged in industry, including the workers, the Jews constituted a minority. But among the employers alone Jews were quite a large percentage. Thus, in the Bialystok textile industry, Jews in the past twenty years constituted one hundred per cent of the manufacturers. However, from the point of view of the larger social environment the Jews were a small percentage and insignificant. They were not immersed in the sea of their Polish environment but formed little islands in it, industrial Jewish ghettos.

Jewish workmen were distributed as follows in the census of 1931: 82% of all Jewish workers were employed in handicraft and small industries; over 15% of the Jewish workers were engaged in medium industries; and only close to 3% were in the large industries. With the non-Jews the situation was the reverse: over 37% of all Polish workers were employed in large industries; over 20% in medium industries, and 42% in small industries and in handicrafts.

Jewish handicraft and Jewish petty industry which employed 82% of all Jewish workers—Polish masters employing wholly non-Jews—were at least ninety per cent concentrated in the Jewish section of the town, in the Jewish ghetto. In Warsaw, for instance, there were many Jewish and non-Jewish tailors, many

Jewish and non-Jewish carpentry-shops. But the Jewish artisans were concentrated in the Jewish section of Warsaw and the non-Jewish ones in the Polish sections. There were Christian workers employed by Jews, but no Jewish workers employed by Christians. Again there was segregation. The Christian workers in the ghetto were there in very small numbers and adapted themselves to Jewish life—they were members of the Jewish unions and took part in their meetings. The Jewish worker, then, remained for the largest part in the isolated Jewish environment. In the same Warsaw which had a large metal industry there were thousands of Jewish metal workers, but most of them did not work in the large factories where they would be inconspicuous as Jews and where they would have to adapt themselves to the speech and the manners of the Polish majority. Jewish metal workers worked for the most part in small Jewish workshops where they constituted the majority and where the whole atmosphere was therefore Jewish. There were medium and large Jewish-owned factories in which Polish and Jewish workers were employed, and where Jews formed a minority of all the help. It is those Jewish workers who took part in the meetings of the Polish workers and often became members of Polish trade unions, but as against the whole mass of Jewish workers in Poland, they constituted a small part. They were not enough to change the isolation and the distinct national character of the Jewish working mass as a whole. The colossal majority of the Jewish workers in Poland were professionally segregated from their Polish fellow-workers.

This condition explains the fact that the Jewish working class there, although politically radical-minded and devoted to the idea of international socialism and militant in its opposition to all Jewish traditions and national heritage, was in point of fact nationalistic and attached not only to the forms of Jewish national life

but also to Jewish religious traditions. A questionnaire among the Jewish labor youth of the BUND whose program is expressly anti-religious, showed that over half of that socialistically-organized youth said prayers every day. The stubbornly-traditional environment proved to be stronger and more effective than the party-program and party propaganda. The unorganized Jewish working people were even more nationally and traditionally minded, despite the radicalism which found expression at political voting or social demands and struggles. According to the program it was a serious contradiction to vote for a left Socialist and to fast on Yom Kippur and Tisha B'Ab, but in the life of the Jewish working class that was a daily phenomenon.

Still more segregated from the surrounding non-Jewish environment was the class of independent Jewish artisans—over two hundred thousand hard-working people, not counting their employers. The master craftsmen were totally segregated in every respect—professionally, socially, politically, culturally, linguistically, and finally, even physically. Most of them were concentrated in the ghetto and had dealings only with Jews. In the smaller towns there was still the individual customer who ordered his goods, but in the large cities the artisans worked mainly for the store, which was owned by Jews. Raw material was bought from Jews; money was borrowed at a Jewish bank; a Jewish doctor attended when one was sick, the newspaper was Jewish and the theatre was Jewish. Religion, most of all, was the greatest barrier between Jews and non-Jews, especially among the conservative artisans and small traders. This conservatism expressed itself both in religion and in attachment to folkways and folk manners.

Jewish segregation in the socio-economic field could still be seen in Poland on the very eve of the present war, as the penetration of the Jewish worker into the large industries proceeded but slowly

and did little to change the general physiognomy of the economic Jewish milieu, historically formed. The large mass of petty bourgeois Jewish traders and artisans with their employees, clerks, and apprentices, which together formed not less than 80% of Polish Jewry, who lived in compact masses in ghettos, physically, economically, and socially segregated from the non-Jewish world—that was the mass which created the forms of Jewish life in Poland.

As in commerce, so in handicrafts and especially in the industries, in the past few decades several areas were formed where Jews and non-Jews rubbed shoulders—in the trade unions, in the chambers of commerce, in trusts, etc. Because of governmental discriminations, too, there was a tendency among Jewish capitalists to find non-Jewish partners in order to obtain lower taxes or export and import licenses. However, the physiognomy of the Jewish majority in Poland, and the course of Jewish life, were not thereby much altered. The segregating lines, resulting from centuries of organic evolution, were the forces which shaped the character of Polish Jewry.

The fifty thousand Jewish workingmen in the handicrafts and small industries in Warsaw or the thirty thousand such workers in Lodz worked exclusively for Jewish employers, who bought their raw materials and cloth exclusively from Jews; who sold their finished products again almost exclusively to Jewish storekeepers in the same towns or in the provinces; who borrowed money only from Jewish bankers or in Jewish co-operative societies. As a consumer the Jewish workingman dealt exclusively with Jewish storekeepers or with Jewish artisans. And all this took place in a segregated territory with its own newspapers and theatres, with its prayer-houses and schools and teachers, and yeshivas and cheders, with dozens of Jewish political, economic, and cultural organizations and associations—this en-

vironment loaded with religious and national content affected the mind of the Jewish worker more than the international socialist propaganda of the brochure. Still more potent was the conservative effect of this environment on the mass of petty bourgeois whom no one endeavored to detach ideologically from the old roots of the ghetto. Insofar as modern life required new forms of life, new ideologies, new creeds, and new cultural tendencies, they grew out of the old life forms and as their natural organic continuation.

III

To the physical and socio-economic isolation we should add the politico-social segregation. Let alone the fact that the Jews had almost no possibility of being active in the surrounding non-Jewish political parties, as was possible even in czarist Russia, they were divided also into various economic organizations. Wherever there are large Jewish masses, it is natural for separate political parties as well as social and economic organizations to form. That was the case in czarist Russia as was it also in former Austria. But in both these countries there were parts of the Jewish population, particularly of the intelligentsia, who felt more at home in the political parties of the majority. These were for the most part strongly assimilated Jews—those for whom the narrow ghetto was simply too small, too stifling. For many years Jews were active in the Polish Socialist party, which played an important part in the liberation of Poland. In the Austrian Parliament Diamond and Liberman were for many years the representatives of the Polish working class. Felix Perl was the editor of the official organ of the Polish Socialist Party. There was however, not one liberal bourgeois party, as for example the Cadet Party in Russia, in which Jews could have been active. Even in the Polish Socialist Party which had to take into consideration the aspirations of a revived Poland, less and

less effort was made in the last years to advance Jews to responsible positions. In fact Jews were discouraged from joining this party in great numbers. That does not mean that the Polish Socialist Party was anti-Semitic. Certainly not. On the contrary it strongly combated anti-Semitism. But taking into consideration the moods of the masses it deemed it politically wiser that Jews should remain in the Jewish Socialist Party rather than the general Polish party.

Even more important was the isolation among economic organizations. Jewish and Polish merchants had their separate associations—Jewish small business separated from Polish small business. The same is true of Jewish craftsmen and domestic workers. Unions too were separate, although both the Jewish and the Polish were socialist.

One arrives at the following conclusions as to the intensive effect of this national competition and these national antagonisms among various social groups in Poland: the least effect was upon the working class where mutual class interests always took preference over national opposition; craftsmen felt this antagonism to a greater degree; worse still was the blow to shopkeepers and peddlers, but strongest of all was the effect on the intelligentsia. This class was in Poland, and not only in Poland, the most active spreader of economic and cultural anti-Semitism. The only social group in Poland which put common class interests above national antagonisms was the great bourgeoisie. In these highest economic circles a person's business abilities and the prospects of business transactions were of greater consideration.

The national development of Polish Jewry was therefore a result of a great many complex factors of a positive as well as of a negative character. The confinement and social concentration formed a wholesome basis for their own modes of life and cultural creativeness. The repellent forces of the surrounding Polish

world prevented the process of assimilation from developing, and from doing away with the Jewish ghetto and Jewish strength.

IV

Two main factors dependent upon and complemented by each other have in the last three decades caused great rifts in the physical-economic solidarity, as well as in the national cultural character of Polish Jewry—the capitalistic differentiation on the one hand, and the falling away of their own Jewishly inherited educational system on the other hand.

The capitalistic development of the last 70-80 years divided Polish Jewry, and withdrew parts of the previously united community. There arose a Jewish great bourgeoisie which created the first bank in Poland, which built the first trains in Poland, which made the first connection not only between the Polish and Russian market, but also with the international market. This bourgeoisie was at first welcomed with pleasure and joy. Already in the first generation it was torn away from the Jewish economic organism and it quickly became part of its Polish surroundings socially and culturally. This was natural, for the economic role played by this Jewish class division in banking, railroad construction, manufacturing of sugar and tobacco, was too great for them not to aspire to the physiognomy of the majority of the population. Especially since at that time liberalism was prevalent and they hoped to gain emancipation through assimilation.

Parallel to, and partly as a result of this circumstance, there began to arise a Jewish professional intelligentsia which from its very beginning began to build its prospects and ambitions not upon the one-sided and narrow economy of the Jewish ghetto, but upon the growing and increasing need of the entire land. This group, too, at the outset was looked upon with sympathy and friendliness by the youth of Poland. These two new groups,

the richest, the strongest, were the first to start advocating modern worldly education. At that time it meant a break away from Jewish education, which was strictly religious and thoroughly conservative. This meant also a breach with the entire Jewish world, as education at that time meant the language of the land, the culture of the land, the customs of the land.

The appearance of the two mentioned groups may be perceived in the first quarter of the past century, but it was not until the 60's of the 19th century that they reached more or less a mass character, a degree of development so strong as to enable them to stir deadened Jewish life from its inert state when the capitalistic development had begun to strike deep roots in Poland.

The majority of Polish Jewry still remained physically and economically isolated and lived through the capitalistic differentiation within its own ghetto walls, within the boundaries of its own historically-crystallized economic surroundings. But Jewish ways of life became differentiated and new social groups and classes arose, a Jewish middle-class, and a proletariat which had less chance than before to enter the class of independence. Old classes assumed a new appearance, and adapted themselves to the demands of the new times. Most of this happened within the confines of Jewish surroundings, but the upper classes, though small in numbers, were very effective in stirring the aspirations of greater classes. They revolutionized Jewish life, rent it asunder, drove it from its own to the strange, from the ghetto into the world around it.

The gravitation towards the higher two classes included not only the petty bourgeoisie which could hope to raise itself to a higher level but also many wider circles. It was often quite impossible to attain the great bourgeoisie. But it was much easier to rise and become a doctor or a lawyer. And that meant studying

and immersing oneself in a foreign language and foreign culture. Besides all these enumerated movements, the rise of the big city had its effect, for in its wake there arose a new type of customer. Hand in hand with the large city comes the national customer—the intellectual, the official. The average person of the big city is much more national than the small town. The school, the newspaper, the theatre, and of recent years the cinema and the radio, all these are strong nationalizing factors even if that was not their intent. *Nationalizing* for the majority means *denationalizing* for the minority. The tradesman who wishes this type of patron must more or less resemble him—in language, in manner, in appearance, not to mention the fact that he must adapt himself also to his rest days and give up his Sabbath and Holy Days. The Jewish merchant in a central part of the city had to look entirely different from the shopkeeper in a small town or village who dealt with peasants. While still in the ghetto the Jewish shopkeeper or the better type workman dreamt of freeing himself from his narrow Jewish quarters and opening a store or workshop in the center of the city where there were greater prospects. And though still in the ghetto they began preparing themselves in language and appearance to attain a place in the newly growing market—the market of the city center. Those who saw no hope for themselves of opening a shop in a central street of the city, made sure to equip their children for this new type of life. All this involved not only assimilation of language, but also assimilation of custom—no more Sabbath, no more Holy Days.

Meanwhile, Polish competition continued growing—the first small food shops developed into large colonial and mercantile fancy goods and textile shops. Not all children of Polish city workers went to the factories—some of them rose to shopkeeping and officialdom. Polish elements drove a wedge into all branches

of manufacture and trade—into the two branches the first of which was created and developed by Jews. And although the Polish element remained for many decades a minority in both these branches of economy, they nevertheless from the very beginning considered themselves as possessors, as the creators, as the more deserving. At the outset this element decided upon combating the Jew who "monopolized" trade as well as work. The entire independent Jewish economic structure began to totter.

Most Jews remained in the ghetto and began to establish defense positions, such as their own credit banks, cheap credit for the needy, but the situation kept on changing more and more. The Jewish preponderance began to disappear—the influx of non-Jewish elements overran the influx of Jews from the small towns. Within the last 20 years when the Poles attained political power, it was exploited for the economic struggle. By fair means and foul they drew Poles into the cities in order to rob them of their Jewish character and to make them Polish. They had hoped to Polonize not only the cities in the Polish region, but those of Ukrainia and White Russia as well. Not only the government worked in this direction, but Polish society too—there was organized in Posen a society which gave cheap credits and subsidies to Poles who emigrated into Ukrainian and White Russian cities.

Though Jews were still a majority in many fields of trade and in many branches of manufacture, they nevertheless had to adapt themselves to the popular majority from which arose the strongest competition. Even where there was one Polish shop to three Jewish shops, the former was still the stronger and could assert its will. This was especially true since the Polish shop never had to wait for a customer nor compete with quality of merchandise or lower prices—no, the Polish shop had merely to proclaim itself the foundation of Polish sovereignty, the redeemer of Poland in the land. It ap-

pealed to all patriots not to shame their conscience by buying from Jews. Under such circumstances, it was natural for the middle class Jew, who in most instances still lived in the ghetto, to show a tendency to adapt himself to the majority in language and appearance, hoping thus to hide his identity and save himself the patriotic blows which began raining on his head.

Conditions in revived Poland became harsher and ever more tragic—there remained the physical and socio-economic and social-political barriers between Jew and non-Jew. These barriers increased, for the atmosphere outside the ghetto walls was charged with such bitter enmity that many of the Jewish elements which previously broke into non-Jewish quarters, were compelled to return to the ghetto. But the cultural barriers slowly began to disappear. The ghetto lost its previous solidarity and firmness, as a result of which it lost also its creativeness and its characteristic potency.

With the entrance of the first Jewish child in every land into a foreign school, the process of assimilation begins. Through the school the Jewish child becomes attached to the foreign tongue, not only externally and commercially, but intimately and spiritually. In his most receptive years the Jewish child is drawn into the sphere of a strange culture which charms and attracts especially the capable, the talented, those blessed by God with a fine soul and with a rich imagination.

This type of assimilation began in Poland at the beginning of the 19th century. Thanks to the fact that Poland was torn between three sovereignties (Germany, Austria, and Russia) and subjected to two foreign tongues and cultures (German and Russian) assimilation could not have entire influence over the Jewish population. In Posen, German, the higher and prevalent language, reigned over the Jewish population, which in large majority emigrated to Germany. German

also competed with Polish in Austria, but the latter won. In Russian Poland there were no public schools, neither Russian nor Polish, as a result of which the effect of assimilation was very little felt.

But extremely tragic became the situation in an independent and revived Poland.

Thanks to the speedy and intensive growth of the Polish middle-class and keen anti-Semitism, the ghetto began expanding. Jewish isolation increased. Nevertheless language and cultural assimilation progressed at a rapid pace. This assimilation had nothing in common with the western-European assimilation of the 19th century, as here there could no longer be a question of becoming part of Polish culture. The repulsion of Polish society was too strong. The atmosphere all around became so poisoned that the most gifted Jewish child, no matter how well versed in the Polish language, could not grow up into a Polish poet such as Tuvim thirty or thirty-five years ago. This superficial assimilation was enough, however, to destroy the solidarity of the Jewish cultural structure, enough to weaken the creative spread of the purely

Jewish wing which was beginning to unfold its creative powers.

Elementary education in Poland was enough to destroy the Jewish tongue, was enough to tear away a Jewish child from its organically Jewish culture. He who lived in Poland in recent years could easily discern the speedy process of language assimilation on the part of the young generation. The higher or school-politic of the Polish government was of a different character—the number of children in the high schools and in the universities decreased by half from 1930-1939.

At the very height of these objective destructive processes and the desperate fight on the part of Jewish masses not only for their physical-material existence, but also for their national-cultural life, there came the war, which created an absolutely new situation not only social-economic, but also national-cultural. Not only will the percentage of Jews in Poland be significantly smaller and their role in the cities' population less, but all national-cultural traditions and heritages of almost hundreds of years of Jewish colorful and creative history will be wiped off the face of Polish soil.

A Psalm Touching Genealogy

By A. M. KLEIN

Not sole was I born, but entire genesis:
 For to the fathers that begot me, this
 Body is residence. Corporeal,
 They dwell in my veins, they eavesdrop at my ear,
 They circle, as with Torahs, round my skull,
 In exit and in entrance all day pull
 The latches of my heart, descend, and rise—
 And there look generations through my eyes.

Céline — Fascist

By MILTON HINDUS

THOSE WHO KNOW HIM best agree that there are at least two Célines.

The first is a tragic satirist who ranks with the greatest writers of that type that the world has ever produced. The second is a reactionary politician who specializes in anti-Semitic slanders. The second Céline will not concern us very much in this essay. In the proper place of the discussion I shall undertake to show the probable opinion of the earlier Céline concerning the later one. If the devil is able to quote scripture for his own purposes, there is no reason why we can't quote the devil against himself. Just in order to show him he has no monopoly of cleverness.

In a certain sense, of course, it must be admitted that the seeds of his later development were always present in Céline. It is perhaps no more than might have been expected that the most articulate representative of the French spirit

of war weariness should also have become the most active collaborator with the Nazis. The opening chapters of *Journey To The End Of The Night* are the most concentrated expression of disgust caused in any country by the first world war. Our own representatives of post-war disillusion, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and the rest of those with whom MacLeish has found fault, are mere puffs of wind when compared with Céline. After reading him, even *Mein Kampf* sounds like a Sunday School lesson. Céline's hatred is cosmic. It inundates the universe. It respects neither class nor person. The young soldier Ferdinand, who is made in the image of his creator, feels that the war is a colossal conspiracy to destroy him personally. He admits that he is a coward, and he doesn't at all feel ashamed of it. The coward is the only sensible man "lost in the midst of two million madmen, all of them heroes, at large and armed to

Louis-Ferdinand Destouches (whose nom-de-plume is Céline, after his mother's maiden name) was born in a suburb of Paris in 1894. Not much is known about his youth beyond the fact that it was poverty-stricken. At the age of twelve, he went to work in a ribbon factory, and before he was twenty he was in the army fighting in the first world war. He was wounded in the war and decorated for bravery. After the war he traveled through many parts of the world, including the United States. He became a doctor of medicine in 1924 and a world-famous author in 1932 upon the publication of his first novel, *Journey To The End Of The Night*. Men of the most varied shades of opinion joined in hailing his genius. Leon Trotsky and Léon Daudet, as I have indicated, both praised him. Thomas Mann, Ernst Toller, André Gide, and the Communist newspaper *Pravda* were in the assortment of his admirers.

To date he has published seven books, four of which are available in English translation. The books are *The Life and Work of Semmelweis*—a doctoral dissertation published in 1924, *Journey To The End Of The Night*, *Mea Culpa* published in 1937, *Death On The Installment Plan* published in 1938, *Bagatelles Pour Une Massacre* published in 1938, *L'Ecole Des Cadavres* published in 1939, and *Les Beaux Draps* published in 1941.

Articles about him were published by Leon Trotsky in *The Atlantic Monthly* under the title *Novelist and Politician*, by Gide in *Nouvelle Revue Francaise* in April 1938, and by his English translator John H. P. Marks in *The London Bookman* in October 1934. His French publisher, Robert Denoel, published *Apologie de Mort A Credit* in 1936. Other material dealing with Céline appeared in *Time*, May 30, 1938, in *Living Age*, December 1935, and in *Les Annales Politiques et Litteraires*, December 9, 1932.

the teeth . . . shut in on earth as in an asylum cell; intending to wreck everything in it, Germany, France, the whole world, destroying, more ferocious than a pack of mad dogs and adoring their own madness (which no dog does)." He sees his colonel walking calmly through a storm of bullets. This, far from filling him with admiration, arouses him to think "what a monster that colonel must be, though I was sure that, like a dog, he had no idea of death. . . . With creatures like that about the place, this hellish idiocy might go on indefinitely. Why should they stop?" The only comfort the war brings is the knowledge that some people he hates, most of them on his own side of the lines, are being blown up. He hears, for example, that Quartermaster Sergeant Barousse has been destroyed in this manner and he reflects, "looked at in some ways, there seemed at times to be some point in the war. I certainly knew of three or four other swine in our company whom I'd have been very willing to help find a shell, like Barousse did."

Images burst out of Céline's emotions like shrapnel from a high explosive. The rest of the *Journey* is on about the same level of intensity. It is one infernal scream of agony. Ferdinand thinks of ways of deserting, of being taken prisoner. But even this is not easy. He goes mad and finds peace for a little while in an asylum. There too he eventually feels himself hounded, doctors trying to cure his fears by injecting a psychological dose of patriotism into his brain. It doesn't work. He's had enough of the graveyards of Flanders for one lifetime, and so they ship him off to Africa like a bit of useless rubbish.

This book was published in Paris in 1932. It created a storm of applause and controversy that was heard around the world. Several hundred thousand Frenchmen bought copies, and for every one who bought the book perhaps ten read it. Millions of Frenchmen were being fed on the *weltanschauung* of Céline at the

very moment that tens of millions of Germans were devouring *Mein Kampf*. Céline crystallized the mood of Frenchmen as Hitler had crystallized that of the Germans, and what happened less than a decade later in the renewed battle in Flanders was the inevitable result. All this was difficult to foresee, but now that we are gifted with the hindsight of history, the pattern is clear. Some critics, it is true, even at that time recognized the potential danger to the nation of Céline's attitude. Henry Malherbe, writing in "*L'Intransigeant*," said prophetically, "Céline's work threatens to destroy everything we have known and loved."

Céline's disillusion does not stop simply at the war. His second book *Death On The Installment Plan* describes the opening years of the century leading up to the Great War, and nearly four-fifths of *Journey To The End Of The Night* deals with the period of peace which followed it. If war is pictured by Céline as an unspeakable misery, peace in our time is something hardly better. The difference between them is that in peacetime death is ladled out in small doses "on the installment plan," while in war it comes suddenly and horribly. Those to whom this description of Céline's vision seems extravagant should first read of his experiences in the African jungle, where sadistic colonial administrators grind black men and poor whites into the same pulp. They should read his chapter on Ford's factories in Detroit, where he spent a term worse than any term spent by a criminal in a penal dungeon. His crime consisted of poverty.

But Céline, in his pre-fascist phase, was no crusader. He was fed up with Jingos and lovers of empty phrases. He had learned by experience that they were usually not there when the time came. In the hottest part of a battle he could not help thinking: "I should love to have the biggest Jingo of the lot here with me to explain what he would do when a bullet hit him slap in the pan." Feelings

of national pride nauseated him: "What you call the nation is only that great heap of worm-eaten sods like me, bleary, shivering and lousy, who, coming defeated from the four corners of the earth, have ended up here, escaping from hunger, illness, pestilence, and cold. They couldn't go further because of the sea. That's your France and those are your Frenchmen."

This is the book about which Léon Daudet wrote admiringly, "Here is an astonishing book which in its freedom and aggressive boldness belongs much more to the sixteenth century than to the twentieth. . . . In truth, it has been very long since such a note has been struck."

A people that could complacently accept and even applaud such a violent mockery of itself is defeated in advance. It has lost its will to power if not its will to live.

Was it possible that a man with Céline's attitude to the nation might become a fascist? After reading his book I thought it was impossible, and when I heard the report I refused at first to believe it. Asking for proof I was told to read his then current book *Mea Culpa*. I read it to discover a denunciation of Soviet Russia, violent as only Céline could make it, but in the main no different from the report of André Gide. Céline was disgusted in his Russian visit by precisely the same thing that disgusted him in the rest of the world, the oppression of man by man. In passing, however, *Mea Culpa* also contained some sniping references to the Jews. These were not serious or frequent enough to matter much; nevertheless they were the first indications of what was to become an obsession.

After the publication of this book, Céline began to feel increasingly that he was persecuted. To friends of his he complained that a contract for a motion picture based on one of his stories had been canceled because of the plots against him by his enemies. His imagination had always been haunted by bogies, and these

now assumed for him the shapes of Communists and Jews. *Bagatelles Pour Un Massacre* is a book devoted to the immolation of the Jews on the altar of Céline's hatred. It is filled with such fantastic statements that some people have seen in it an excellent piece of philo-semitic propaganda. It is the caricature of a caricature of Hitler. Céline is authority for the statement that in Lenin's family no language was spoken but Hebrew or Yiddish!

In the heat of battle, we may forget the distinction between man as a political animal and man as a literary artist, but when the smoke clears we shall see that it makes little difference to the value of the works of Céline or Knut Hamsun that their authors embraced fascism. I should say almost as little difference as it makes to the value of the best work of Aristophanes that he was also the author of an incredibly silly and historically unjust lampoon of Socrates.

The very marrow of Céline's significant works, that is to say *Journey To The End Of The Night* and *Death On The Installment Plan*, seems to me as antipathetic to totalitarian lies as it is to that spurious democracy in which the rich as well as the poor may sleep under bridges and eat out of ash cans. There is no race hatred in that work but there is plenty of that class antagonism which the fascists abhor. There is a greater difference, in the eyes of the early Céline, between the French landlord of a slum and the dwellers in it than there is between him and a German landlord.

War becomes a diabolical plot by the masters of the ship of state in Céline. The ordinary man is a galley slave sweating in the hold of the ship. "And up on the bridge, not giving a damn, the masters of the ship are enjoying God's fresh air with lovely pink ladies drenched in perfume sitting on their knees. They have you up on deck. Then they put on their top hats and let fly at you as follows:

"See here, you set of sods!" they say,

'War's declared. You're going to board the bastards on Country Number 2 yonder and you're going to smash them to bits! Now get on with it. There's all the stuff you'll need aboard. All together now. Let's have it—as loud as you can make it: "God save Country Number 1!" You've got to make them hear you a long way off. There's a medal and a coughdrop for the man who shouts the loudest!"'

We do not have to guess altogether the opinion which this Céline would have entertained of his later edition, because in a recorded speech made in the early 1930's in honor of Zola, we may find his very uncomplimentary reference to fascism.

An understandable mistake was made by those Communists who thought they could make a disciple of Céline. Trotsky, for example, wrote a wonderfully laudatory and perceptive article on Céline for *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1935. "Céline," said Trotsky with his flair for the striking phrase, "walked into great literature as other men walk into their own homes." He then went on to point out that the evils which Céline abhorred were for the most part social evils which grew out of capitalism. "Céline," he predicted, "will not write a second book with such an aversion for the lie and such a disbelief in the truth. The dissonance must resolve itself. Either the artist will make his peace with the darkness or he will perceive the dawn."

The darkness of Céline's world, if it were universal, would be invisible. To heighten the effect and give his canvas perspective, some rays of light, however dim, must be allowed to enter his picture. In *Journey To The End Of The Night*, out of hundreds of characters, there are two who, by their goodness, arouse the admiration of the author. One is Sergeant Alcide, in Africa, who has been selflessly giving away his life so that a little niece of his, whom he has never even seen, might be made happy. When Céline praises goodness, he does so as whole-

heartedly as he has blamed evil: "He was offering this little girl far away tenderness enough to make a world anew, and no one would have known it.

"Suddenly he slept with the candle burning. In the end I got up to study his features by its light. He slept like anybody might. He looked quite ordinary. It wouldn't be a bad idea if there was something to distinguish good men from bad."

The other person with goodness in her is Molly, the prostitute whom he meets in Detroit and who treats him better than anybody ever has in his whole life. But for the most part, human beings are pictured by Céline as selfish and mean, like those who hounded the great Semmelweis to his death. He was the physician who, after his discovery of the cure for puerperal fever which used to kill so many women in childbirth, was ruined by the jealousy of his colleagues. Céline, who is himself a practising physician, was fascinated by the fate of Semmelweis, and in 1924 he wrote a brilliant dissertation on his life and work.

Some critics have called Céline a naturalist, but no term could be more falsely applied. Not every writer who uses four letter words with great abandon is a naturalist. It is a question of vision. Céline, in his great works, deals in nothing but symbols. The bare excuse for the inaccurate judgment that labels him a naturalist is that the mode of realizing his vision is so concrete that it is hard to say just where symbol ends and reality begins. He describes the details of his sprawling dreams so accurately that the question of whether we are reading a first hand account of experience becomes almost academic. Did or did not Dante visit Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven? It makes the same kind of sense to ask if the life of Céline's characters is real or imagined. The closest affinity I can find in literature to the universe of Céline is in Dostoyevsky, the Dostoyevsky who celebrated the anti-hero in *Notes From*

Underground. No one would dream of calling the Russian a naturalist.

The key to Céline's artistic methods may perhaps be found in his confessed tastes in painting. His favorite painters are El Greco, Goya, and Pieter Breughel, and the reason is not difficult to understand. Violence of imagination, sympathy with suffering, and broad humor are characteristics of his own work as they are of the work of one or another of the men he has named.

To the draft-age generation the attractions of a writer like Céline are immediate. That is because his whole substance is contained in every page. No one living in a time more calm than our own could possibly understand what I mean. When a man finds himself constantly on the edge of a troopship or the trenches, he loses the patience of peace. It is impossible to become interested in the working out of a long and intricate plot. A leisurely book becomes a dull book. In Céline, it doesn't much matter if you're killed while reading page 47 or page 500. The essence of his vision is compressed in his style and it is the same from page one onwards. You read on not with the hope of being surprised by some turn in the story but because your own hysteria responds to his tone and wants more of it. In a novel by Thomas Mann, however, you wouldn't be comfortable if you were accidentally killed while reading page 47. You'd be restless through all

eternity wondering how Mann had tied up all the strings of his plot.

When the war is fought to its conclusion and the politics of our day become fossilized, the most correct critics will say that Céline is a writer whose truth sends shivers down the spines of men with the most sensitive and moral natures. The picture of the world in the mirror he holds up to us is not more pretty than the one we see in Swift or in Juvenal, and yet it is no less true. What the old Romans would have called his *saeva indignatio* at human wrong, though subject to a diabolical development in Céline's own case, may just as well be the beginning of divine wisdom. Trotsky, in the *Atlantic Monthly* article on Céline, predicted his subject's fate, perhaps ironically destined to be his own also and that of all other rebels. "There has been more than one occasion when those who have blasted the literary foundations ended underneath the dome of immortality."

But no matter what the official valuation of him may be, no one with a weak stomach, low blood pressure, and an unshakable faith in what Eliot calls "the myth of human goodness" will ever enjoy reading Céline. Only those with courage, driven by force of circumstances or intellectual power, to look the problem of human evil squarely in the face will recognize in him the latest in a line of men who have in all ages been scourges of the complacent conscience of mankind.

Unrra — and Jewish Reconstruction

By MURRAY FRANK

I

THE UNITED NATIONS Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) came into being more than a year ago on November 9, 1943. It was the first of a series of international organizations established by agreement of 44 nations, representing about four-fifths of the world's population. UNRRA's operations may be described as of an emergency character, intended chiefly to alleviate human suffering resulting from the present war and to reconstruct a semblance of normal human life out of the chaotic conditions created in liberated areas. Its Director General, Herbert H. Lehman, optimistically believes that "the major part of the work would be completed within two years," in which case its operations would run approximately to the middle of 1946 when the emergency is expected to be over.

"Relief and rehabilitation" are the basic principles around which are centered the activities of the organization. The fact must, however, not be overlooked that preliminary relief operations in liberated areas are conducted by military authorities and it is only after a lapse of some six months that UNRRA is permitted to undertake relief activities in those areas. By then the acute emergency character of the work will have diminished and, by general calculations, such areas should be ready to begin limited rehabilitation. In his speech accepting the Director Generalship, two days after the creation of the organization, Mr. Lehman stressed emphatically that the cardinal principle which should govern UNRRA's policies and actions "is the principle of helping people to help themselves," i.e. to en-

courage them to participate in their own rehabilitation.

An early and plausible step taken by UNRRA at the time of its creation was the adoption of a basic policy embodied in Resolution No. 7, which provides that "at no time shall relief and rehabilitation supplies be used as a political weapon and no discrimination shall be made in the distribution of relief supplies because of race, creed, or political belief." The adoption of this principle was specifically intended to counteract discrimination prevalent in a number of European countries prior to the war, and particularly the racial discrimination so ruthlessly practiced against Jews by Nazi-Germany.

Thus the countries of Europe are being put to a test. On the one hand, we have the idea of helping them to help themselves without offense or injury to their individual or national self-respect; on the other, the practice of racial, religious, or political discrimination is forbidden as a prerequisite to eligibility for UNRRA help so as to make it possible for these countries to retain their national self-respect and preserve their human dignity among the nations of the world. In this way they are to control their own destiny and the first indication of the trend which this control may take will be their attitude towards reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe.

II

In view of the grievous and irreplaceable losses the Jews have suffered in Europe it is extremely difficult to discuss the problem of Jewish reconstruction with great enthusiasm or optimism re-

garding the future. What sort of a future, it may be asked, awaits the remnants of Europe's Jews after the present holocaust? Reduced numerically by some five million souls to less than half the total number of Jews formerly inhabiting the European continent, weakened by long years of undernourishment and virtual starvation, plagued by illness and disease, robbed of family, of homes, and of all earthly possessions, tortured mentally and physically, hunted and haunted, degraded and bespattered—such is the spectacle of European Jewry confronting us on the morning of liberation.

The problem is where and how to begin in the midst of such universal chaos. Presumably, Jews will fare no better, and we hope no worse, than the rest of the population during the military period of relief. The difficult problems will, however, arise in the period of transition from humanitarian activity to normal economic activity following the military period. Jews are vitally interested in that transitional period because the plans devised and the methods adopted to fulfil these plans may spell the success or doom of the reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe. Consequently, if the nations of the world are earnest in their desire to rebuild the European Jewish community—and we have sufficient hope and evidence to believe that they are—they must realize the uniqueness and singularity of the Jewish tragedy which has no equal in the annals of mankind, and approach the problem in a unique manner.

Resuscitating the remaining millions of Europe's Jews to anything even remotely resembling normal life will require more than eleemosynary means. It will require more than the barest necessities of life such as food, clothing, medical supplies, or a roof over one's head. Reconstruction, in our estimation, means more than simply holding life and limbs together; it means re-union with surviving members of one's family; it means the creation of possibilities for economic existence free

from discrimination on racial, religious, or other grounds; it means also the possibility for rebuilding the religious and cultural life destroyed by the Nazis; it means, furthermore, the reconstruction of Jewish social life, and the reestablishment of relationship with other Jewish communities throughout the world for mutual aid and assistance. It means all this and more, if we want them to regain faith in humanity for their shattered and broken lives.

Much of that, we fear, is impossible to realize simply because the wound is irreparable. Jews have been bled too often, too much, and too long. European Jewish life will never be the same again, despite our best intentions. Nevertheless, hope must not be abandoned that much can still be salvaged, that with the whole-hearted and sincere support of the United Nations, at present primarily through UNRRA and later through other international organizations of the United Nations, it will be possible to reconstruct certain phases of European Jewish life on a smaller and very limited scale.

III

The policy of the United Nations, to be sure, has been all along throughout the war one of passive, indifferent, or at best stoical attitude towards the Jewish relief problem. Thus the current Jewish tragedy went practically unmentioned at the first UNRRA meeting at Atlantic City in November 1943, except for occasional reference by one or two speakers. Of all the resolutions adopted at that meeting outlining the policies and the set-up of the organization, not a single resolution dealt, directly or indirectly, with the plight of the Jews of Europe, with the possible exception of Resolution No. 7 quoted above on discrimination in the distribution of relief. Furthermore, the vague definition of what constitutes a displaced person created the anomalous situation in which ex-enemy nationals now residing in liberated areas

were not eligible for UNRRA's assistance. Accordingly, Jews of enemy nationality, even though residing in liberated areas, were not eligible for UNRRA's aid, although they suffered most and were the first victims of the Nazis. All of this was, of course, due to UNRRA's failure to realize the uniqueness of the Jewish situation and to make proper allowances for it.

The second UNRRA session in Montreal last September sought to rectify the mistakes committed at Atlantic City. The accelerated pace of the liberation of European territory also brought about, to our great sorrow, a stepping-up in the tempo of extermination of Europe's Jews at the hands of the desperate Nazis. It was clear by this time that just as the Nazis have been singling out Jews for the gas chambers and crematoria of Maidanek and Treblinka, so the surviving Jews must be singled out in the process of relief and reconstruction. Sympathy alone was no longer sufficient; it had to be put on record in the form of specific actions and decisions.

During the first year of its existence, UNRRA has had scant opportunity to undertake any real activity in the liberated countries. It was confined to sitting on the sidelines with little to do beyond planning. The opportunity is now at hand for UNRRA to transform its plans and decisions into action. The day of experimentation has passed, and from now on UNRRA's justification for existence will be judged solely on the basis of its accomplishments. Its policies regarding Jews have been rectified at least on paper, and now Jews the world over, particularly in the United States, are carefully scrutinizing every move made by UNRRA in the fulfilment of its new tasks and their application toward reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe.

IV

The changed policies that emanated from the UNRRA conference at Montreal

may be ascribed primarily to the changed war situation in Europe and to the realization that fatal consequences would result if certain rigid policies are applied to practical situations. Evidently, UNRRA had learned something during its year of experimentation. Thus, a change was necessitated in the case of Italy which was extended limited aid, despite the fact that UNRRA was originally not authorized to operate in enemy or ex-enemy territory. The precedent established in the case of Italy led to important decisions being taken also in the case of European Jews.

Two resolutions were adopted at Montreal which empowered UNRRA to give assistance to Jewish victims of Nazi barbarism, irrespective of their citizenship or place of residence. One resolution, enabling UNRRA to provide relief in enemy or ex-enemy territory, states as follows:

The Administration (i.e. UNRRA) shall be authorized without the necessity of obtaining prior approval by the Council to carry out operations in enemy or ex-enemy areas for the care and repatriation or return of displaced persons . . . who have been obliged to leave their country or place of origin or former residence or who have been deported therefrom, by action of the enemy because of race, religion or activities in favor of the United Nations . . .

The other resolution enables UNRRA to provide assistance to enemy nationals who are victims of Nazi persecution and who now reside in liberated areas. It resolves that

The Administration shall be authorized to undertake the care and return to their homes of persons of other than United Nations nationality, or stateless persons who are found in liberated territory and who have been obliged to leave their country or place of origin or former residence or who have been deported therefrom by action of the enemy, because of their race, religion, or activities in favor of the United Nations . . .

Previously, Jewish victims of Nazi persecution, who were formally considered as nationals of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy and other Axis countries, were

ineligible for UNRRA aid because such aid was limited to people of United Nations citizenship. The action now taken by UNRRA thus differentiates between enemy nationals and the victims of racial and religious persecution, thereby acknowledging the fact that such victims are entitled to relief and assistance in repatriation to their old homes.

The resolutions were introduced by the British and American delegations and were adopted unanimously by the Council of UNRRA. It is estimated that 95 per cent of the persons coming within the category as defined in the resolutions would be Jews, and with this fact in mind we have sufficient reason to believe that UNRRA has at last made significant steps in the direction of understanding the Jewish problem in Europe. Legal formalities restraining UNRRA's activities have been done away with and the way has been cleared to embark on a program of direct assistance to European Jews. UNRRA officials who at first were reluctant to take any action regarding Jews and who were skeptical as to the possibilities of accomplishing anything concrete, later beamed with joy and expressed their satisfaction quite freely at the results obtained.

V

How did it all come about? Why was it possible to obtain some results at Montreal, whereas all such attempts failed to materialize at Atlantic City the previous year? In addition to the aggravated condition of the Jews in Europe and the experience gained by UNRRA in its first year of existence—both of which were major factors determining the transformation in the organization's policies—there was also a third factor which was no less important. We refer to the memoranda containing the joint proposals which were presented to UNRRA by the major Jewish organizations concerned.

The presentation of a united Jewish

front in Montreal is in itself an accomplishment of no mean proportions. When the UNRRA session got under way, seven Jewish delegations representing seven different Jewish organizations appeared. They were: The American Jewish Conference, the World Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee, the Canadian Jewish Congress, Agudas Israel, the Joint Distribution Committee, and the Hebrew Committee of National Liberation. Each of the above delegations came prepared with its memorandum which it distributed to UNRRA delegates. All of these memoranda were approximately of the same general content and contained similar recommendations. Obviously such duplication of facts and proposals could not have been very effective with the various delegations nor very flattering to Jewry for its inability to unite on a set of proposals beforehand.

In the latter stages of the UNRRA conference, the Jewish delegations became aware of the futility and ineffectiveness of their activities and finally hit upon the idea of unity. How simple, yet how difficult considering the group of irreconcilables in question! After two days of deliberation, unity was at last attained, the memorandum was prepared and submitted to three of UNRRA's five operating committees under whose general direction Jewish relief and reconstruction will take place. These are the committees on Displaced Persons, Health, and Welfare. The memorandum was signed by the first five groups listed above, and concurred in by the Joint Committee. The Hebrew Committee did not participate in the deliberations and abstained from entering into united action with the other Jewish groups.

Thus UNRRA was belatedly presented with a single program dealing with Jewish relief problems, instead of a multitude of programs from various Jewish organizations. The basis of the joint memorandum was a series of demands, prepared earlier by the World Jewish

Congress and the American Jewish Conference. These demands were submitted originally to Dean Acheson, head of the American delegation, who used them as a basis in the formulation of the two resolutions empowering UNRRA to give assistance to Jews irrespective of citizenship or residence, subsequently adopted by UNRRA's Council.

The memorandum, however, contained two additional proposals which UNRRA did not accept, obviously for political reasons. One recommendation was that UNRRA should aid displaced persons not only with relief but that it also arrange their transportation to new homes and assist in their adjustment in their new places of settlement, thereby bearing in mind that Palestine is the most suitable country for their absorption in large numbers. This proposal was immediately ruled out by Mr. Acheson and other leading UNRRA representatives as a "delicate issue" and a political problem which belongs within the sphere of activity of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees.

Finally, the memorandum of the Jewish organizations proposed that Jewish representatives be granted the status of observers, with the privilege of participating in the discussions of the Council and the three Committees dealing with Jewish relief problems. No action was taken on this proposal.

VI

In summarizing, it may be asked: What has been accomplished, and what help may we reasonably expect for the reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe? First, we have broken the wall of passivity and indifference towards the Jewish relief problem that characterized the UNRRA organization prior to the Montreal meeting. Secondly, Jews in enemy territory and those originating from enemy territory were differentiated from enemy nationals and were recognized as being entitled to relief and rehabilitation

assistance as are all citizens of the United Nations. Thirdly, the understanding for united action now and in the future reached by the principal Jewish organizations pertaining to relief and other UNRRA activities in behalf of Jews was definitely an accomplishment of major significance.

It is only regrettable that the understanding came rather late in the day, when UNRRA was about to terminate its second session. The Montreal conference was scheduled far enough in advance, approximately four or five months earlier, so that Jewish organizations had ample time to discuss and formulate practical plans and recommendations for UNRRA activity in behalf of Jews. Had such an understanding been a reality before the UNRRA gathering was convened, the accomplishments at Montreal would perhaps be much more encouraging today, and the outlook for the Jewish future in Europe would likewise be that much more optimistic.

In view of the limited accomplishments, however, it would be well if we were not to hold too great or too fanciful illusions, lest we be bitterly disappointed later. Complete restoration and reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe, by or through UNRRA, is definitely out of the question. Such expectations should be discarded immediately. It is, however, reasonable to expect that to a very small and limited degree, a degree determined by the finances available to UNRRA and by the demands of other nations whose rehabilitation is equally urgent to them as is that of our people to us, some reconstruction of Jewish life will be possible. It will be chiefly in the form of food and clothing, medical assistance, repatriation to their old homes and perhaps, eventually, some assistance in their new homes, aid in location of relatives and in the location of living quarters. It is well to remember that UNRRA's scope of reconstruction activities is limited, under its basic Agreement, to agriculture, industry,

transportation, and public utilities only to the extent necessary to meet relief needs.

This is where it will most probably end. In an article in the November 1944 issue of *Survey Graphic*, in which he summarizes the accomplishments of UNRRA at Montreal, Mr. Lehman has the following to say about reconstruction:

Looking toward the reconstruction days after the rescue job of UNRRA will have been done, the (UNRRA) Council ventured a word of advice and challenge. In its final resolution, it called attention to the fact that the type of rehabilitation called for in the UNRRA program will not suffice to set world production and trade in motion; that the rehabilitation needs of the devastated areas will require further action. The Council commended such action to the consideration of the member governments.

This, in itself, is a frank admission that beyond its immediate relief tasks, UNRRA has at the present time no plans for reconstruction and is only able to "venture a word of advice and challenge." Incidentally, in the article cited above Mr. Lehman speaks of the needs of Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania, Italy, the Middle East, the population of the Dodecanese Islands, and others, but not once are the Jews or Jewish needs mentioned in the lengthy article.

Thus, if we conceive of reconstruction in broader terms, including the creation of opportunities for economic security, the elimination of racial and religious discrimination, the rebuilding of religious and cultural institutions, the reconstruction of Jewish social life, and the re-establish-

ment of relationship with the Jewish communities of the world—then our expectations are illusory. UNRRA has neither the will, the legal power, nor the money to undertake reconstruction on a broad scale commensurate with our needs and our demands. The fact that we have suffered more than others, that our losses are greater than those of any people in Europe, will matter little.

The future of UNRRA is entirely too uncertain to stake all our claims solely on its support. At best its period of existence will be short and its activity of an emergency nature, whereas the reconstruction of Jewish life in Europe requires long-term planning and will be of long-term duration. It will, therefore, be wise for Jewish leadership and Jewish organizations to make the necessary allowances for UNRRA's shortcomings and turn to long-range planning of their own for the reconstruction of European Jewish life.

It is, unquestionably, too large a burden to make Jewish postwar reconstruction an exclusive and primary task of the Jews themselves. The remnants of European Jewry which will manage somehow to survive will be reduced to the status of beggars, if not worse. We cannot expect them to undertake any phase of the economic and social reconstruction. The burden will fall chiefly on American Jews and to a limited extent on Jews in other countries which escaped invasion by the enemy, war ravages, and severe war dislocation. Now is the time to start thinking and planning for it.

Juda the Maccabee

By W. G. MAYNE

IN THE early morning hour Juda sat on the bank of the Vistula absorbed by the exciting stories of his book. It was a well-thumbed book, that story of the Maccabees, which his parents had given him three years ago on his tenth birthday. Since then Juda had been reading it again and again although he knew all the phases of the heroic deeds of the Maccabees by heart. But the glorious figure of his namesake Juda Maccabee had captured his entire imagination and whenever he opened the book—which he did at least once a day—he would discover new traits in his hero which he had overlooked before. Once he had been imprudent enough to tell the other boys that he would like to become like the great Juda, but they had laughed at him and mockingly pointed to his thin arms, short legs, and his undernourished figure.

The jeers had ceased when his father was led away by the Germans. He had been tortured and then shot when he refused to reveal the name of the leader of the Polish underground in the small village of Woyscew. Somehow the Nazis suspected him of being connected with the patriots who harassed the German soldiers with cleverly devised sabotage. But Jacob had remained silent. His wife died soon afterwards from a broken heart, and Rabbi Maimon had taken Juda into his house.

The Jews of Woyscew were confined to the Ghetto and they themselves had had to build the wall that now surrounded their living quarters on three sides. The fourth side was marked by the river which was here very narrow. They were strictly forbidden to leave the Ghetto or

to bathe in the river. The only opening in the wall and the opposite bank of the Vistula were heavily guarded and the soldiers had orders to shoot whenever they thought that the regulations were broken.

Thus the 183 Jews of Woyscew were cut off from the rest of the world. Only Rabbi Maimon and the two eldest of the community had permission to leave the Ghetto for half an hour, when someone had died. Their cemetery had been left outside of the Ghetto walls, because God's Acre was like a park with trees and benches and flowers.

"Take your dirty feet out of the water, you Jewish swine!" the Nazi soldier from the other side shouted over the river. Juda looked up with frightened eyes when he saw that the soldier aimed at him with his gun. Hastily he shut his book and was just about to withdraw his dangling feet from the water when he felt the touch of a hard, slippery object under his toes. He bent down and groped for it. It was a green, closed bottle which he pulled out and hid under his shirt. Then he dashed off to be in time for the morning-lesson which Rabbi Maimon gave in the one hut that had been reserved as the Temple and the school of the Ghetto.

Juda was very distracted that morning. He constantly thought of the bottle and was curious to know what was in it. It was empty, for it was very light. But why then was it so tightly closed? Fighting down the temptation of solving the riddle for himself, he approached Rabbi Maimon after the lesson was over and handed him the bottle.

"Rabbi, I found it down in the river . . ."

"When you read in your book?" the Rabbi asked smilingly.

Juda blushed, "Yes."

"No harm in that, my son. But have you studied your piece of the Law? Do you know the Broche for Saturday week?"

"Yes, Rabbi," Juda replied cheerfully. He was looking forward to the day of his confirmation when he would be accepted as a man among the other men of the community. Ruben Mendoza, whose ancestors had come from Spain, had promised to replace his dead father and to walk by Juda's side to stand by him when he said the Broche, the prayer that admits the young Jew of thirteen into the circle of men.

The Rabbi opened the bottle. With the help of a needle he removed a sheet of paper which he unfolded and read. Juda watched him closely and noticed that the old man's eyes behind the glasses dimmed. With trembling fingers the Rabbi stroked his long white beard which was divided in the middle over his chest. After a while he looked up and when he saw that the boy was still standing there, he heaved a deep sigh.

"Go out, my son, and call all the people together. There will be a special service at the hour of sunset."

Juda left for his errand without asking any questions. The Rabbi was a wise and kind man, the chief authority in the Ghetto whose orders came before any other man's orders.

Nobody was missing at the Temple when the sun began to disappear behind the horizon. The unusual call had been discussed for hours but nobody had dared penetrate the Rabbi's house where Juda had returned after the completion of his mission. The boy had refused to answer all questions, for he had understood that his teacher had wanted him not to mention the bottle. Everybody was now waiting for the leader of the community. A

low and excited hum filled the large hall.

Eventually, Rabbi Maimon appeared through the side-door. Presently, all noise stopped and the din of whispering voices ebbed away. All stood and looked expectantly at the tall, venerable figure of their Rabbi who was clad in his white garment with his prayer shawl around his shoulders. Amid the breathless silence of the congregation the Rabbi solemnly approached the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord and took out the holy Scroll. Holding it tightly in his curved left arm and pressing it against his heart, the old man stepped to the edge of the Bema. The silver ornaments on the blue velvet wrap of the Scroll tinkled softly as Rabbi Maimon spoke to his congregation:

"Men have shut us off from the world. They do not want us to have any intercourse with our fellow beings. We do not know what is going on beyond the walls which surround us and through which only the dead are allowed to pass."

He stopped a moment. Stretching himself up to his full height he continued:

"And yet . . . God has decided to break the rules of man. He has chosen a bottle as carrier and the waves of the Vistula as the means of transportation to give us word of the happenings of the world . . . Men and women of the Ghetto of Woysciew! Here is the message that our brothers in Warsaw have enclosed in a bottle."

The Rabbi unfolded the white sheet of paper and read:

"The enemy wants to destroy our houses and to kill the old and the weak. He wants to force our men into labor and to lead away our wives and daughters into shame. But we have arms and we are fighting. We know we cannot hold out forever, but we shall stand until the last shot has been fired and until the last morsel of food has gone. May God have mercy on us! May the Lord protect the house of Israel!"

The silence lasted. The crowd stood stiff and motionless as though paralyzed

by the words of the message. Slowly, the air streamed back into their lungs and was expelled again in short heavy gasps. But no tears were visible on their white faces. No sobs passed their clenched teeth.

The Rabbi's voice sounded firm and composed through the Temple:

"Let us say the prayer for the dead."

The congregation of the Ghetto of Woyscew murmured the Kaddish for their brethren of Warsaw.

Juda followed the men to the upper floor and listened to their talk. Here in the less solemn environment of their assembly hall, they lost their restraint. They told each other of the heroic resistance of the Jews of the capital. Their eyes sparkled with excitement and pride. Their backs bent through persecution and study straightened. They were filled with a new spirit and the will to resist. Their voices grew louder when Ruben Mendoza told them that they were caught in the Ghetto like rats. The Nazis would come to kill them mercilessly. They had used gas chambers before.

"We need arms," Ruben said.

"We want to fight," two or three others cried.

"We ought to get arms from Kasimir Loczka."

"We cannot communicate with him."

"They will kill us like rats."

Juda went down again to the Temple where Rabbi Maimon was giving the evening-lesson. The old man paid no attention to the noise of scratching feet and confused voices which came from above. But Juda's eyes were fixed upon the ceiling and his mind was wandering.

His ear was caught by the story of Rabbi Jochanan ben Sakkai which Rabbi Maimon was telling to the children. It was of the time when Vespasian besieged the holy city of Jerusalem. The Temple was burning, food and water were scarce, the population was lost. The aged Rabbi Jochanan ben Sakkai ordered his pupils to lay him in a coffin and to carry him as dead out of the city. The Roman Guard

let the funeral procession pass unaware that a living man was carried in the coffin. The Rabbi was taken into the Roman camp and the coffin was opened before Vespasian. The Roman general impressed by the venerable figure of the old man and by his courage was willing to grant him a favor. Rabbi Jochanan requested nothing for the people of Jerusalem, nothing for the city, nothing even for the burning Temple. He asked permission to open a school in Jabneh. This was how the Jewish faith was saved for coming generations.

That night Juda was restless in his sleep. He stirred and groaned afflicted with the horrifying pictures of a nightmare. Suddenly, he awoke under the gentle pressure of a hand. Rabbi Maimon stood before his bed with a candle in his hand.

"What is troubling you, my son?" the old man asked.

"Oh, Rabbi! We must fight! We must not allow the Nazis to kill us like rats."

"They have the power, child. We must bear what the Lord has destined us for."

"He sent us a message of hope and encouragement."

"The message was sad and spoke of death."

"We must fight back!"

"We have no arms, my son."

"We must communicate with Kasimir Loczka."

"We are shut off from the world."

"From the cellar of your house, Rabbi, we could dig a tunnel to the house of Kasimir which stands on the other side of the wall."

"We have no tools to dig that tunnel."

"Rabbi . . . , " the boy got to his feet and stood in his bed, his tiny body wrapped in his white shirt. He put his arms around the Rabbi's neck and whispered eager words into the old man's ears. The Rabbi recoiled a step or two and shook his head slowly.

"No, no, child," he said. "You must not think such things. This is sacrilege!"

Juda lowered his eyes in disappointment, "Juda Maccabee would have done it," he said as if to invoke the spirit of his great namesake for support.

Rabbi Maimon stroked his long white beard which was divided on his chest. Then he placed his trembling hand on the boy's head as though to bless him. Who am I, the old Rabbi thought, to suppress the spirit that is glowing in this child's soul? Aloud he said, "I shall do as you say, Juda. May the Lord lend us His help!"

For the next two days Rabbi Maimon spread the news of Juda's dangerous illness. On the morning of the third day he ordered a coffin from Mendel, the joiner, and in the late afternoon of the fourth day, Rabbi Maimon and the two eldest of the community carried Juda as dead out of the Ghetto.

The Nazi guard inspected the coffin. The lid was nailed all around and the small funeral procession was allowed to pass on to the Jewish cemetery. The Rabbi and the two men started to dig the grave, but when they had prepared a shallow cavity, the Rabbi stopped the work. He ordered the coffin to be cautiously turned around with the bottom up. He knocked at the wooden case.

"Juda, Juda! Come out!" he said. The others looked at their Rabbi as though he had lost his senses.

To their great surprise the bottom opened and Juda stepped out. He had worked a little spring which Mendel, the joiner, to whom the Rabbi had confided the secret, had skilfully worked into the inside of the coffin. Juda ducked and slipped over to the tomb which vaulted over the common grave of his parents. Briefly, the Rabbi explained the plot to the two eldest and the three men filled the grave over the empty coffin.

Under the cover of the night Juda slunk out of his hiding-place, climbed over the low wall of the cemetery, and stole along the houses till he reached Kasimir Loczka's little house that stood

with its back to the wall of the Ghetto. A gentle tap at the pane brought a woman to the window.

"Who is there?" she asked and Juda recognized the voice of Ljuba, Kasimir's wife.

"I am Juda. Let me in, please. Quick! I've to talk to Kasimir."

The woman opened the door and looked at the little boy in surprise.

"Where is Kasimir?" he asked. Ljuba was hesitant. "Please, lead me to him. He must help us—us in the Ghetto."

Without a further word, the robust red-haired wife of Kasimir took Juda to the kitchen where she stamped her foot three times on a certain spot. A trap opened, and Kasimir's head appeared in the opening.

"What is it?" he asked under his breath.

"Here's Juda who wants to talk to you," his wife replied.

"Juda? How the hell did you get out of the Ghetto?"

"I'll tell you later. Please, take me down that I can talk to you."

Kasimir led the way down to the cellar of his house where three or four other men were assembled. All looked astonished at the boy. Juda told his story, told them of the message that had arrived from their brothers in Warsaw and of the Jews' determination to fight back when the Nazis should come to kill them.

"You are a brave boy," Kasimir said. "Your father refused to open his mouth and saved me. I will help you. But fighting means death for you all in the end. You cannot hold out forever—and news reached us yesterday that the Ghetto of Warsaw had to give in. There's not one single Jew left."

"We know that," Juda answered proudly. "But we want to fight. We want to kill as many Nazis as possible before they kill us. It is better to die fighting than be killed without resistance or to be led away to slavery."

The stocky Polish peasant who risked

his life every day in the common struggle against the oppressors, nodded in approval.

"All right, Juda. We'll dig the tunnel and carry arms to your Rabbi's house."

For three nights the Poles dug from the cellar of Kasimir's house. When they broke through at the other side, they had built a low gangway which allowed one person to crawl through at a time. Rifles and ammunition and handgrenades were piled up in the cellar of the Rabbi's house. For every inhabitant of the Ghetto, regardless of age and sex, the Polish patriots had provided a gun and sufficient cartridges to kill scores of Nazis. The handgrenades were to be used when the German soldiers should near the houses.

Rabbi Maimon assembled his congregation and told them of Juda's deed. He told them that arms were now in the Ghetto and that they should prepare themselves to fight and to die. He told them also of the fate that had befallen the heroic defenders of the Ghetto of Warsaw.

The Jews of Woyscew were silent for a while. But then they rushed over to the Rabbi's house and hugged and slapped Juda overcome with joy. The women kissed him and the children brought him flowers from the river. Ruben Mendoza was proud of the boy. "I'll be at your side," he told him, "when you become a man. And it's I who will be honored."

On the sixth night after the tunnel had been built, Kasimir came over to talk to the Rabbi.

"Rabbi," he said. "Now all the arms are here, we intended to close the tunnel again in order to prevent the Nazis from discovering the gangway. We reported the story to headquarters, and they approved of our action. But they want you to use the tunnel and to flee from the Ghetto to join the underground army in the woods. They say 183 living Jews will be more useful in the struggle than 183 dead ones. Are you ready?"

Rabbi Maimon listened and stroked his

white beard. He knew that his word sufficed to have this plan accepted by the community.

"Yes," he said. "We are ready."

"The way will lead through impregnable forests and swampy terrain," the Pole warned.

"Never mind. If only a dozen come through, the flight will be justified."

"Our listening post at the Nazi command in the village reported today that the Ghetto is to be raided the day after tomorrow at dawn," Kasimir said with a swift glance at the old man. The Rabbi looked troubled.

"The day after tomorrow at dawn? This means . . ."

"That everybody has to be ready tomorrow night. Give everybody who is able to carry arms a rifle, ammunition, and two handgrenades. The rest leave here in the cellar. After we have taken the whole crowd through, we'll come and take the rest of the arms back and close the tunnel."

The plan was carried out as proposed. The Jews were flushed with excitement. Flee from the Ghetto! Flee into the freedom of the woods! Fight against the hated Nazis side by side with the Poles—it was almost too much to bear.

In small groups they came into the Rabbi's house. Everybody was given a rifle, ammunition, and two handgrenades. Only the Rabbi took no arms. He had to carry the holy Scroll.

One by one, they were led through the tunnel. Rabbi Maimon, with Juda at his side, stood at the entrance and held the Torah in his arm. Everybody who passed by touched the holy Scroll and then kissed the tips of his fingers. It had been too late for a farewell service.

The whole procedure had taken hours. While the last Jews slipped through the tunnel, the first ones were already in the woods. Juda and Rabbi Maimon closed the march of the fleeing Jews.

But when Juda arrived in the cellar of Kasimir's house, he noticed that he had

forgotten his book, his precious story of the Maccabees. He rushed back and up into his room. He grasped the little volume and turned to join the others.

Suddenly, he stopped on the stairs that led down to the cellar. He heard the rhythmical stamping of marching boots on the pavement. He dashed upstairs again to the window of his room. Yes! They were coming the soldiers of Haman! They were coming to destroy and to kill. Dawn was breaking in the East. In the grey twilight of the fading night Juda watched them entering the houses. They carried their automatic rifles before them. They searched empty houses, and Juda could see the astonishment on their impassive faces as they marched through the deserted Ghetto. He followed with fixed eyes their cautious movements on the street. They were approaching the Rabbi's house now.

A sudden terror shot through his limbs. The fleeing Jews! They must be all in the woods by now. But the tunnel! If the Nazis discovered it, they would know where the Jews had gone and who had helped them. Juda clasped his book firmly to his heart and raced downstairs into the cellar as the entrance door was opened from outside.

He heard the heavy boots of the Nazis overhead. With frantic haste, he piled

the handgrenades and the remaining ammunition before the entrance of the tunnel. Then he stepped back and pulled the pin of his handgrenade, flinging the deadly missile into the heap. A violent detonation shook the house.

Next Saturday morning the 182 Jews of Woyscew reached a lonely barn at the border of a wood. From the place where Kasimir had assembled them to lead them to the Polish underground army, they had heard the explosion and seen the clouds of smoke that rose where the Rabbi's house had stood. Rabbi Maimon had forbidden them to say the Kaddish for Juda.

The old man lifted the holy Scroll high and declared with a loud voice, "This is God's House."

The men put their praying shawls around their shoulders and Rabbi Maimon said the Saturday morning prayer. On a wooden case which served as a table he opened the Scroll and turned round to face the congregation.

"I call Juda, son of Jacob, son of Israel . . . I call Juda Maccabee!"

As one, the 74 men of the Ghetto of Woyscew, led by Ruben Mendoza, advanced toward their Rabbi and said the Broche with one voice. Juda had been admitted into the circle of men of the house of Israel.

The Jewish Book

By JACOB S. MINKIN

FOR SOME TIME PAST, those interested in the dissemination of Jewish culture have been thinking, wondering, and worrying, not a little sadly, about the Jewish book. This Jewish book we hear so much about, what shall be its quality and character, its mark of identification, as it were, to stamp it as Jewish? Shall we regard as Jewish all books written by Jews, no matter the language and the choice of literary material, or only such books as display some sense of Jewish awareness on the part of their writers? There are writers of Jewish descent who disdain to write as Jews, whose hearts are not lacerated by Jewish doubts and problems, who, indeed, would resent it if rumors of their Jewish identity were to be circulated—are their works to be considered part of the creative Jewish genius? Ahad Haam raised this issue nearly a generation ago, and he decided the question in his own way. But the matter has become more complicated in recent years since the literary sphere of Jewish men of letters has been enlarged and they now figure prominently in almost all the literatures of the world.

At the outset it must be remarked that no such question could be raised with regard to books written by non-Jewish authors. In the case of other literatures the problem is comparatively simple. Language is the index of a people's literature. The language in which a book is written gives it a stamp, a character, a sense of belonging as it were. Thus, there will be little dispute that books written in English are English, no matter the choice of the writer's material. Shakespeare, for instance, has

drawn his material from a variety of sources, but because he wrote in the English language, his work is indisputably English. And the same may be said of the literary productions of writers in other languages. In other words, language is the barometer of a nation's literature, the unfailing, exquisite, sensitive test by which it naturally and spontaneously lives and has its being.

There was a time when the same was true of the Jewish book. Hebrew was the natural expression of the Jew; its roots lay deep in his inner life; it was his superb, his only medium of communication. What he thought and wrote, he poured into the vessel of this language. There was no question then about the authenticity of the Jewish book. Even when the content was foreign, the form, the very vocabulary in which it was written, stamped it as Jewish. There is a wealth of material in Jewish literature which came from non-Jewish sources, but because it was clothed in the garments of Hebrew speech, no one ever disputed that it was authentically Jewish. There are scholars who maintain that Job is a Greek drama, and so it may be; but because it came down to us in Hebrew form, it became part of the Jewish genius and was included in the Bible.

When the Jews went into exile—indeed, long before then—and Hebrew ceased to be fully alive, they adopted an Aramaic idiom for their national tongue. But because of its close resemblance to the Hebrew language and its Hebrew characters, it became the folk-language of the Jews in which the Talmud was written. The *Zohar*, indeed a goodly por-

tion of the Kabbalistic literature, contains thoughts, ideas, and doctrines many of which are more pagan than Jewish, but having been composed in the Jewish vernacular, who will suspect the piety and devotion good and pure-hearted Jews lavish upon it?

Language ceased to be the test of the Jewish book after the first century or so, when Jews, coming under the influence of Hellenic culture and civilization, began to write in Greek. A great and rich literature tapping almost every form of literary and philosophic expression, was the result of this period. Anonymous writers almost without number rivaled one another in transforming and translating the genius of their people into the new garb. Hebrew was no longer the vocabulary of these men, but the quality of their work was nevertheless Jewish because it was rooted in the national Jewish memories and consciousness. In other words, the exigencies of their times and experience brought about a new test of the Jewish book. Without regard to language, it was now the writer's point of view, his Jewish slant, as it were, which determined the quality of his book.

The same was true when, centuries later, Arabic became the spoken and written language of the Jews. After the rise of Mohammedanism, during a span of time longer than the Hellenic period, Jewish thinkers, writers, and liturgical poets composed their works in the current Arabic tongue. A brilliant literature arose which in scope and influence is unparalleled in Jewish history. But although not written in Hebrew, it is Hebraic in tone and substance, down to the very Hebrew characters in which many a writer composed his Arabic works.

When, during the Middle Ages, in addition to the national Hebrew language, a popular folk vernacular, Yiddish, came into use and Jews began to write in this dialect, the character and identity of the Jewish book did not change. Written in

Hebrew characters and wholly by Jews, one will not hesitate to classify books written in this language as Jewish. From the *Ma'aseh Buch* in the sixteenth century and Nahman Bratzlav's fairy tales in the nineteenth century down to the latest Yiddish literary production, books composed in this tongue indubitably belong to the cultural and spiritual wealth of the Jewish people.

Indeed, the Jewish book is never so truly and characteristically Jewish as when it is written in Yiddish. From this language, more so than from any other, one can build up a picture of Jewish life both in the old and in the new world. Do we want to know the pain and struggle of the Jewish masses, Rosenfeld and Yehoash sing of them in touching and tender verses; are we interested in the humor and bitterness of the Jewish world that passed, we need but resort to the volumes of Mendele and Sholem Aleichem; have we a taste for Hasidic stories, few told them more beautifully than J. L. Perez and Sholem Asch. The pathos of Jewish life as well as its peculiar romance and charm have been caught up by a host of writers who, with skill and understanding, made the Yiddish book genuinely and characteristically Jewish.

Until comparatively recently, therefore, the Jewish book presented no problem. Its identity could not be mistaken, the stamp of belonging was plainly upon it. It was written by Jews and in the language of the Jews. It had character, identity, one might almost say a personality all its own. Until the eighteenth century, books written by Jews were Jewish; no one else but Jews would write about Jews. Books written by other hands, were either to attack the Jews or to lampoon them. Of the latter there was quite an extensive literature during the Middle Ages, some, unfortunately, the work of Jewish renegades; but by no stretch of the imagination could they be classified as Jewish books.

But the French Revolution and its consequent emancipation of the Jews changed all that. The fall of the Bastille did more than merely crash the ghetto walls; it set the Jews flying in all directions, mentally and spiritually as well as politically and economically. A compact body became a universal organism; a people living in isolation became citizens of the world. The Jews took the declarations of liberalism literally and lost no time in implementing them by engaging freely in all the trades and professions as well as in all the arts and sciences. They made all the alphabets and vocabularies of Europe their own, and rivaled their fellow-countrymen as journalists, poets, dramatists, and novelists. They changed roles quickly and with eagle-like agility. From passive and indifferent spectators, they became eager and even aggressive participants. It did not matter that their benefactors were irked by this sudden intrusion and that dire consequences might result. Nor had they stopped to consider the price they were paying, that in the new intellectual atmosphere their old Jewish culture was dissolving, and that their alien books and ideas were supplanting a tradition of proven strength and durability. To these things they gave little heed; all they knew was that the tide was set in their favor and they were resolved to take full advantage of the opportunity while it lasted.

It was at this point that the Jewish book became a problem. As pointed out, a people's literature is either written in its own language, or, as in the case of the Jews, on subjects closely related to them. But who would presume to call Jewish the large number of books that were written by Jews in the years following their emancipation? Indeed, as if with spiteful and malicious intent, they emasculated their Jewishness, so that in their brilliant salons and in their artistic life not the vaguest reference to it remained. With their own hands they melted down the ore of which the pillars

of their life were cast; they took without paying back; they recognized no obligation to the community from which their genius borrowed, so that, no matter how much others rejoiced in their work, as far as the Jews are concerned, it lacked unity, harmony, and a deepening sense of power. For no man can forsake his camp, be false to his origin, without paying the price.

Heinrich Heine, Ludwig Boerne, Ferdinand Lassalle, and to a lesser degree, Karl Marx who ended by abusing and lampooning his erstwhile brethren—all born and nurtured in the bosom of Israel—are perhaps the most famous illustrations of the point we wish to make. No other men so closely approached the social vision of the ancient Hebrew prophets as they. Their work was uniquely and characteristically Jewish. There was a spirit of rebellion in these men. They looked forward to a new world order of which we are still at the beginning. They charged against political oppression; they assailed class and social distinctions, and delivered mighty thrusts at the entrenched power of wealth and economic injustice with the same fervor and passion as did their forebears of old, and like them, they suffered for their ideals. Nonetheless, who would think of regarding Heine's poems, Boerne's *Letters from Paris*, or Karl Marx's *Capital* as Jewish books? They cannot be said to have been peculiarly sensitive on the subject of their Jewish extraction. The men, who themselves remind one of the Old Testament prophets, never so much as made allusion to the prophets in their writings. When they wrote they did not descend into the inner sanctuary of their Jewish life, if they had one; they did not probe for the spiritual threads of the Jewish future; the national life of their people with their tragedies, hopes, and aspirations played no part in their work. They looked beyond their people towards a dream and vision they imagined greater and richer than those in which they were born.

Heine loved and enthusiastically admired the Old Testament, but his admiration was more romantic than real. His writings abound in bitter thrusts at the Jews with Semitic noses walking about vulgarly with large crucifixes upon their chests while he himself was baptised not once, but twice. Ludwig Boerne railed against the sunless street of the ghetto in which he was born and weakly advocated its abolition, but he never systematically and persistently contemplated the conditions that created it or the means which would nullify it. Jews inspired Karl Marx with a feeling of aversion and contempt because of the commercialism with which he naively charged them. And as for Ferdinand Lassalle, the flaming torch and avenging sword of the German working classes, and, had he willed to become so, the savior of his own people, he suffered persecution and imprisonment for one woman and death for another.

A moral and spiritual bankruptcy unknown among the nations had been visited upon the Jews. As a rule, men of talent or genius do not cut themselves off from their people, make no attempt to destroy the roots which gave them sustenance, never intentionally obscure anything that is characteristic of their origin. On the contrary, they do everything to emphasize it so that all the world may admire the rock from which they were hewn. Jewish writers and artists alone are the exception. They not only take no pride in the people which nourished their creative power, but boast of the success with which they erased the ancient landmarks. Georg Brandes explored the intellectual wealth of all nations, wrote on all literatures, took up and defended all causes, and protested against all wrongs; but the wrongs that were committed against the people into which he was born he left discreetly alone. The man who hailed the creative spirits of almost all peoples in thousands of pages, ignored or was ignorant of the spiritual and intellectual

heritage of the people of which, as a Jew, he might have been expected to write with authority.

The same might be said of many others, whose names, alas, are legion. They enriched the literatures of all the world while impoverishing their own; they shared the pride and boast of almost every nation while the heroes and thinkers of their own people left them cold and indifferent. And this, in large measure, is the reason why many a writer has failed to reach the highest level of development and why his work is stamped more or less with the seal of untruth. A man cannot empty himself of what is best and truest within him, scorn what he alone knows at first hand, and produce lasting work. Stefan Zweig is dead barely more than a year and what does the world remember of the more than forty books he had written? They are all but forgotten. One ventures the prediction that if his name shall at all be rescued from oblivion, it will be among the people he spurned and rejected, those he remembered only in his one book, *Jeremiah*. There Zweig is uniquely and singularly Jewish, the tone and color of his race and ancestors adorn its pages, harking back to a tradition that is spangled with kings and prophets, with altars, temples, and the rich guttural of the Hebrew speech.

Franz Werfel is at present the most widely known "Jewish" writer in this country, although he himself has done his utmost to dispel this allegation. He has proved that he is not allergic to Jewish themes, and when one comes to his hand, he masters it with exceptional insight and depth of understanding. Among his youthful dramas, is a play, *Paul Among the Jews*, in which Rabbi Gamaliel, the teacher of Paul, is handled with considerable clarity and sympathy. Like Stefan Zweig, he is also author of a book, *Hearken Unto the Voice*, which one might call a narrative poem based on the life of the Prophet Jeremiah, a work

of delicate texture and precision, one might almost say of sensuous beauty, in which everything lives and glows and is splashed with the dazzling sunshine of the Palestine sky. The cumulative effect of the book is well-nigh overpowering. Jeremiah at the king's court, at the gates of the Temple, the stern prophet, the tender and compassionate lover of his people who prophesies evil, yet soothes and comforts them when the evil descends upon them, the man who sits and mourns in the ruins of their fallen glory, yet his gaze directed upon an ideal far beyond the ken of the despairing multitudes—all these things are depicted against a background that is majestic and stupendous.

Yet this man, who in a mood of self-illumination, writes, "I am therefore one of the people of the covenant, and although I did not know my father, yet he is in me, and his fathers and their fathers are in me too, back to the first and the last father. . . . And it is this first and last father, the God of my fathers, who sets me in opposition to all the others and has allotted me a fate for which there is no solution," (*Hearken Unto the Voice*, p. 29), as if to belie his own words, makes his American debut with two Catholic books, *Embezzled Heaven* and *The Song of Bernadette!* Are these hollow and empty words without meaning or substance, or are they the voicing of a conflict, an inner rage going on in the soul of the artist perpetually at odds with himself? This writer believes the latter to be the case. For underneath his veils and masks, there is in every true artist an inner spirit which will not be destroyed—the innate spirit of his people which is an avenging spirit, exacting terrible punishment from those who sin against it.

It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that the artist must be limited in his choice of material to the people from which he stems. But if he is a true artist, true to the Holy Ghost of his craft, so to say, there must be some inner unity be-

tween the writer and his subject, an instinctive feeling, a depth of sympathy and understanding. Werfel's education and upbringing may have been different, but what is closer to Jewish sympathy and experience than the subject of *Embezzled Heaven*? He must have heard in his childhood any number of stories of pious Jewish women who, for the good of their souls, had literally denied themselves and their families their last crust of bread to support a student of the Torah that he might one day become a great rabbi and they thereby reap their reward in heaven, only to discover to their chagrin that, instead of the Torah he was believed to be studying, he was clandestinely preparing himself for examinations in some secular school. There is no parallel in Jewish experience to the story of *The Song of Bernadette*, but Werfel the mystic might have found ample opportunity for his imaginative faculty in the wonder tales of the Hasidic saints and teachers which Martin Buber so poetically recorded in his *Chassidische Buecher*.

His lofty mind, noble idealism, ethical outlook, and his keen and sensitive sympathy have given Franz Werfel a position as one of the greatest world humanitarians. When during the last World War, the Armenians were persecuted by the Turks, who had robbed, decimated, and driven them from their homes, Werfel voiced his blazing protest in *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. We do not begrudge the Armenians the flaming sword a Jew had raised in their behalf. A man of genius owes an obligation to the world besides the community in which he was born. But where was that avenging sword when right outside his window Werfel heard the moans of thousands of stricken Jewish victims, indeed, when he himself suffered the cruelties and barbarities committed against his people?

A questionnaire directed by a Jewish periodical to eleven writers of Jewish descent "under forty" as to what place, if any, their Jewish heritage played in

their creative literary work, is revealing. When the question is not dismissed entirely as irrelevant, it is treated sometimes with disdain, sometimes with superior, snobbish aloofness, and by some with frank and unconcealed contempt. Only three or four confess to some sort of Jewish awareness in their writing. Thus one of the "emancipated" delivers himself: "When I write, I make no attempt to see things through the eyes of a Jew. It seems to me that too many Jews fall into a sort of soul-sickness, whereby they become the center of a universe—a dark universe where forces are pro-Jewish or anti-Jewish, where Jews are hated or persecuted or tolerated or loved—and so on ad infinitum. The logical end of this sort of thing is on one hand the dark and neurotic world of Ludwig Lewisohn or on the other the savage, irrational, semi-fascistic world of a Ben Hecht. . . . For me, the Jew is a man. He is persecuted; so are other minorities. He is libeled, so are others. There is discrimination against him; is there none against the Negroes? He has been murdered, tortured, driven across the face of the earth, but isn't that the fate of millions who are not Jews?" Some regret the imputation of a Jewish slant in their work and feel that its presence is a hindrance rather than help to them.

We do not blame them as individuals for such feeling, for a thousand tragic factors in the Jewish position in the world produced these results. But who, indeed, will maintain that by deplored our losses, we are committing treason against the world? Who will pretend that by delving into the obscure corners of our people and their history, humanity thereby suffers a loss? What man or woman with a correct feeling and understanding of art and literature will say that Rembrandt, by filling his canvases with Dutch figures or Tolstoy by peopling his pages with Russian characters, have betrayed the art and literature of the world? How has the cause of art and literature suffered

by the enrichment of these countries? The contrary seems to us to be the case. By interpreting their national types, they shed light and understanding on lands and cultures which otherwise might have remained obscure and unknown.

Likewise, how would the world suffer if our Brandeses and Zweigs and Werfels and a host of others, gave their talent, or a small portion of it, to the service of their people; if they revealed to the world that which is at present unfamiliar; if they gave life and form and warmth to men and incidents which to an unfriendly world seem strange and grotesque? Ludwig Lewisohn, to cite but one example, "wallowing in his Jewishness," might have followed the easy course and gone on creating Methodist types of the Southern variety, duplicating the work of many others. But he chose for himself the harder course, wrote *Up-stream the Island Within*, *Israel*, and *Mid-Channel* and became the teacher and guide of a generation. It is for others to judge the literary quality of his work, but as a torch to his people, as an awakener and summoner of minds that were perplexed and bewildered, he permanently affected thousands of lives.

After this long detour, the question, What is a Jewish book? almost answers itself. We have seen that the test of language, important as it is under other conditions, is not for us, at least not in our present dispersed and scattered life. There will come a time, and for a considerable portion of our people the time has already come in Palestine, when our national literature will be written in the only language which is the symbol of our national unity—Hebrew. But for us, children of the *galut*, the criterion of language no longer suffices, and we must therefore look for some other quality which might make our books Jewish. Nor is Jewish authorship alone enough to give a writer's work Jewish value, for, as we have seen, many a Jewish writer has so de-Judaized his work as to make

it belong to the language in which it was written without even a suggestion that it stems from Jewish craftsmanship. Content and point of view are something; but here, too, large reservations must be made, for many a non-Jew has written with sympathy and understanding on Jewish subjects, yet one wonders whether their books may legitimately be called Jewish.

One, therefore, roughly speaking, is compelled to define the Jewish book as one written by Jews in a manner to reveal the national spirit and Jewish consciousness of the writer. Mere meandering in the Jewish field is not enough, nor scrupulous detailing of facts and incidents. These things are necessary in order to give one's work character and authenticity, but they are the scaffolding as it were; the inner spirit does not depend upon them. What gives a book Jewish value is when, in spirit and content, it is recognizably Jewish, in other words,

the product of the author's authentic and uniquely conscious Jewish life.

If this definition of the Jewish book be correct, then to our shame and humiliation it must be admitted that, at least in the English language, there are not many books to answer to this description, although there are notable examples of it in other languages. But although the harvest is scant, there is no reason for discouragement. The national Jewish revival which is making itself felt everywhere, holds out the promise of restoring to us the talents of which we have long been deprived. Under a quickened tempo of Jewish life, our creative thinkers and writers will realize that to produce true and lasting work, they must return to the source of their nourishment, instead of scattering their energies to all the winds. Then we shall have a Jewish literature worthy of its name—alive, dignified, and vocal with the quickening impulse of a living people.

He Remembered That They Were But Flesh

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

IN THE COURSE OF THE YEAR 1939 the papers carried notes concerning bottlenecks created by the deportation of Jews from various countries, notably from Hitler's Germany. Thus, in the *New York Times* for April 24 of that year, there is a long account of the effort of the Greek cattle-boat *Assimi* to land 263 Jewish refugees illegally in Palestine. After twelve days of altercation the boat was forced to leave the harbor of Haifa with most of its passengers still on board, and its captain was punished by imprisonment and fine. The smuggling of homeless Jews into Palestine seems to have been for a time a very active business, and there were efforts to break the bottleneck on various other coast-lines. An editorial in *The Nation* for June 10 of the same year runs:

A ship bearing 940 Jewish refugees sailed into the harbor of Havana on May 27. Eighteen were admitted to Cuba; the rest were denied refuge because of a recent decree of the President. One of these hundreds without a country succeeded in committing suicide; another tried. For several days this ship, the *St. Louis*, steamed about, waiting to learn the fate of its tragic cargo. A conditional decree to allow the refugees to land temporarily was announced on June 6 by President Bru, and as we go to press the *St. Louis* is heading back toward Cuba to deposit its passengers in a concentration camp on the Isle of Pines. In Vera Cruz a German exile aboard a ship in the harbor killed himself, using his skill as a chemist to concoct a poison. Meanwhile, in others of the seven seas other refugee ships are being turned away from the harbors of a so-called civilized world: the *Orinoco* with 200 exiles bound for Cuba turned back and dumped them at Cuxhaven; the cattle-boat *Liesel* with 906 on board has been stopped off the coast of Palestine. These wandering ships, and particularly the two episodes in the harbors of the New World, should make

every American capable of pity think twice before he raises his voice against the admission of Europe's exiles, for he is literally passing judgment in a matter of life and death.

News of these tragic happenings came to the attention of a young Valencian poet-playwright named Max Aub, born, as it happened, in Paris, in the house in which Heinrich Heine had died forty-seven years before. He had however spent most of his life in Valencia, and his wife, his children, and his parents are presumably still there. In January of 1939 he had been helping André Malraux film the moving picture *Sierra de Teruel*, and he reports that as they turned the last scene in Barcelona on the night of the 24th, the Fascists had already begun celebrating the capture of the city. Max Aub escaped to France, wrote his novel *Campo Cerrado* in a garret behind the famous old Tenon Hospital in which another unhappy poet, Paul Verlaine, had breathed his last, suffered privation, imprisonment, and final deportation to Africa in a ship which recalled to his mind the wretched cattle-boats that figure in the items quoted from the *Times* and the *Nation*. In an appeal from the Haifa Jewish community to the British High Commission, those officials and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain are begged not to send the "sufferers from Hitler's barbaric regime" out again "to inevitable death at sea in an unseaworthy sailing vessel;" and an English magistrate in Palestine, himself a Gentile, sentenced a group of illegal entrants from Germany to imprisonment but not to deportation, with the comment: "I cannot possibly send you back to that hell." The poet Max Aub left the Saharan Atlas two years ago, found his

way to Mexico, and is at this moment doubtless the most talented dramatist on Mexican soil. His memories and his newspaper reading fused into a moving drama, *San Juan*, published a few months ago by the Ediciones Tezontle of Mexico City. I understand that a prominent North American actor and impresario is thinking seriously of staging it in English. I hope he will be able to do so. It is not a pleasant play, but this is not a time for pleasant things. A reading of *San Juan*—much more, certainly, the experience of seeing it played—will be a trying experience but a profitable one.

The play deals, not simply with the crazy cruelty of a tyrant and the sufferings of a group of wretched fugitives whom no one is willing to receive, but beyond and behind this, with certain prevalent traits of human nature which bring it about that the human family are usually at cross purposes and most lives are tragedies, not because lives end in death, but because they are rendered futile by the victims' own selfishness, cowardice, injustice, and unlovely mal-adjustments. This play deals with the mistreatments of Jews at the hands of Gentiles, but it is no arraignment of anti-Semitism, no propagandistic document like *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*. It is more like Maeterlinck's desolate little *Blind Men*. It is less an indignant outcry against wickedness than a compassionate view of pain, bewilderment, and despair, these caused by external circumstances, it is true, but almost unrelieved by heroism, devotion, or any sort of magnanimity. It is strange that among the hundreds of "undesirables" dumped into this rickety old vessel from various strata of European society, there are so few who know how to meet an ugly fate beautifully. I think the author was so careful not to fall into the error of the old romantic playwrights that he failed to make his cross-section of human society completely representative. But his purpose was to show how

the average human being meets discomfort, pain, and disaster; and it is doubtless true that the average of us is likely to remain small, peevish, and foolish even when suffering persecution and faced with martyrdom.

The plan of the play is original and skilful. During all three acts the stage setting remains the same. The only difference is that in the first two the old freightboat which has been worked over into a floating grave for Jewish refugees lies at anchor off a Near East port, whereas in the last act the ship has been ordered back to sea and is struggling with a storm. The stage has three levels. We see a cross section of the boat: the deck above, the officers' quarters between decks, and the hold where the human cattle are huddled. Somewhat as with the old "dissolving-view" magic lanterns one picture faded and another appeared in its place, the center of interest leaps constantly from one to the other of the three levels; and as the elaborate old novelists used to keep two, three, or more plots going at once by giving us first a section of one and then a chapter of another, so these poor Unwanted heighten their tragedy for us by spotlighting their individual troubles, spites, thwarted ambitions, intrigues one after another against the growing blackness which will eventually swallow them all.

There is a purse-proud international banker who cannot understand why he should be huddled into this disagreeable place with these ill-smelling poor people, who has his lobbyists in London and Washington and momentarily expects that some special dispensation will release him, and who finally bribes the ship's doctor to diagnose a desperate case of appendicitis so that he may be put ashore (a little scheme which is foiled by the bitter honesty of the ship's captain). There is a renegade Jew who has married a foolish coquette of a Gentile and changed his name from Guedel to Guillermo only to receive his old name back

from some anti-Semitic government, along with a steamship ticket to Eternity for himself and his entire half-blood family. The most articulate and impressive single character in the play is Guedel's violent young giant of a son Carlos, brought into the world against his will with the cards stacked against him twice over—a Jew to Gentiles and a Gentile to Jews. This young phrase-making cynic takes the center of the stage at intervals to proclaim the vanity of living for both Jew and Gentile. He goes to his death ironically mouthing his college yell. This last touch is a little overpretentious, and there is certainly higher art, a few pages earlier, in the quarrel of the two old Jews over the possession of a spoon. There is nothing to quarrel about. Neither of them cares anything about the spoon. But their nerves are frayed and raw, Fate has been cruel to them, and there is no satisfaction in getting angry at so intangible and elusive a thing as Fate, whereas they do find a certain perverse satisfaction in getting angry at each other.

There are some fifty speaking characters, and there is food for thought in much that is said on every page. There is a well-meaning Rabbi, pushed into a position of leadership at a time when leadership seems useless. This Rabbi is no match for the sharp-tongued Carlos—who among Jews is a contemptuous iconoclast, although he is a loyal Jew among Gentiles—or for the wise-cracking Radical Boris ("The Bible is the world's best-seller. It ousells all the rest of 'em ten to one. How does it happen that the Jews aren't collecting royalties on it?"); and the Rabbi comes out rather lamely in his effort to justify the ways of God to men. It transpires that the boat's bunkers have been filled with worthless

coal (Max Aub's inspiration for this detail was no doubt that dispatch quoted above from the *New York Times*: ". . . inevitable death at sea in an unseaworthy vessel"); and when the lights go out and the boat stops moving, the Rabbi's voice is the last voice that is heard. As the ship sways and tumbles, the Rabbi intones the solemn passage from the ninth chapter of Job:

"Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not."

"Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? who will say to him, What doest thou?" and his voice dies away on the penetratingly pathetic words from the Seventy-Eighth Psalm:

"For he remembered that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again."

Can we assume that these words from Job and David carry the lesson of the play, a lesson that is intended to instruct or console us as we study this distressing instance of the mess we mortals are making of living? Perhaps. Every Jew will agree with the old Protestant hymn writer that

*God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform*

and there are times when all we can do is to brace ourselves, stoically or trustingly, and take it on the chin. But a literary work like this need not, and perhaps should not, carry too obvious a lesson. Aristotle's much-interpreted dictum concerning the purifying effect of pity and terror on the hearers of a tragedy states a psychological fact. A good man could not read or hear a play like Max Aub's without being the better for it. And if good men become better they will in time make a better world.

BIRD IN EXILE

By CARL GRABO

Mud-hardened floor and sun-baked walls,
 A hand's breadth aperture too high
 To offer but a glimpse of sky,
 Wherein the Summer sunshine falls
 A few days only; this for a slave
 Who has as couch a heap of straw,
 Should close the mind to all but sleep,
 Did not the song's strange sweetness creep
 Like love upon the heart and draw
 The tortured soul to wake and save.

Find in the dark the hidden knife,
 Which to possess is dreadful death,
 Draw silently the quickened breath,
 Soft close the door which shuts on life,
 And fix the eyes upon a star
 Which stands above the garden there
 As though it watched the captive bird
 And its enraptured anguish heard;
 As though all heaven attentive were
 And looked and listened from afar.

The little men with noose and net,
 Dark woodland hunters, lithe and swift,
 Who buy their freedom with a gift
 Of tribute by the tyrant set,
 Climbing the mountain crags at dawn,
 When early light lay on the rocks,
 Yellow as pollen to the eyes,
 Ensnared the Bird of Paradise,
 Imprisoned him with osier locks,
 And brought him to be gazed upon.

At evening in the garden cool,
 When the bright bird in madness sings,
 And beats the bars with frantic wings,
 The Sultan, seated by the pool,
 Sips the delicious cup of hate
 For what he cannot be nor know,
 The wild free thing he may not tame,
 Which envy may not win but maim;
 Though if forever it were so,
 Its secret were inviolate.

Compress the purpose of a life
 In one swift action; softly creep
 Within the shadows; watchers sleep,
 Nor hear nor see the quiet knife
 That frees the Bird of Paradise,
 The bird whose wild celestial song
 Dwells but a moment in the ears
 Of him who dies upon the spears,
 To pay with death the ransomed wrong,
 As beauty's destined sacrifice.

Immigrant Jewish Artists

By MAX OSBORN

ALMOST ALL or at least the important majority of the renowned Jewish painters, sculptors, architects, and graphic artists living in Europe until yesterday, are now in America. Not accounted for are only those living in England, in some neutral countries, and in Russia (insofar as they had not emigrated to the countries of Western Europe before 1933). If we take in addition the American-born Jewish artists, we see more clearly than ever before, how considerable and strong is the Jewish share in the creative art of our time.

That contribution—as it now turns out—is to be found in all currents and ramifications of modern art, and is strongest, of course, in the two main currents which we commonly call Impressionism and Expressionism. In contrasting those two terms, it used to be said that Impressionism is the art of *newly-awakened, nation-conscious Judaism*. At first glance this seems to be merely a witty, playful formula. However, we are recognizing more and more that it contains a profound and interesting truth, particularly nowadays, after the leaders of the eminent Eastern-Jewish colony, for a long time established in Paris, have come to America as a group, so to speak.

The great Jewish painters of the nineteenth century, Camille Pissarro in France, Josef Israëls in Holland, Max Liebermann in Germany, and Ernst Josephson in Sweden certainly did not disavow their Judaism. They, Israëls in particular, created many a work displaying both their descent and their Jewish feeling. But it was the younger generation of Jewish painters who listened more

mindfully to the voice of Judaism. It was they who were called to deal completely with the reborn Jewish view of life. The spiritualized treatment of forms which constitutes expressionism gave those men the instruments of understanding as a mystic experience: the grievous longings of the Jews; their feelings of sorrow and exasperation; the memory of 2,000 years of anguish and tribulations; and the pious or ecstatic seeking of God. Those men reflected that experience in a redeemed and personal fantasy of creative art. Despite their manifold individual differences they will, in the light of the future, be considered as a homogeneous group. Simultaneously, they proved once more that Art is a kind of prophecy. Out of an inexplicable force they predicted the coming transformation of the world. The sum total of both their artistic aims and creations appears, from today's viewpoint, as a mysteriously working prophecy of the present fate of the Jews.

Unfortunately, not all the members of the Parisian colony succeeded in escaping from France in time. A great number of artists remained there, particularly the less known among them, but also two eminent ones, namely, the sculptor, Moïse Kogan and the painter Chaim Soutine. Nothing is known about their fate. However, the highly gifted master of all of them, Marc Chagall, after many adventures finally reached the sheltering shores of America. He is the head and the pride of all Jewish immigrant artists. He was able to bring with him at least some of the wonderful pictures he had created in Paris. They are charming paintings born of a delicate romantic reverie:

amorous couples; dreamy young women; odd circus people; foolhardy acrobats; melancholy clowns—all of them living in a glittering fairy-tale world or floating through balmy air above houses and tree-tops, or even sprouting from a dense bouquet of luxuriant flowers. It is like soft music engendered by saturated velvet colors. Chagall followed this line in New York too. But there was one thing he could not take with him, the magnificent opus of 100 copper plates on which he has engraved his etchings for the Bible. That work, which is very close to Chagall's heart, is still a part of the late Ambroise Vollard's estate, the French art dealer and collector, who was killed in an auto accident in the summer of 1939, shortly before the war broke out. Only an occasional specimen of the series has been published by a magazine. No one can say what became of the whole set of etchings.

There is next to Chagall the ingratiating figure of the painter Moïse Kiesling. He had lived in Paris for more than a generation. We rejoice at his being here all the more as his death was reported several times during the confusion which took place in the general flight from France. But his alleged death must have been rather that strange psycho-physical ailment into which so many refugees were plunged. Kiesling is among those who contrasted analytical impressionism with a new taste for enjoying lovingly treated details and carefully blended colors. The program meant a renewed approach to a direct, immediately evident, "nature illusion." Therein is a new and strange trait which has nothing to do with a dull imitation of reality. What Kiesling has to offer is rather an interpretation of world and life which maintains something of the hidden secret of visible appearances. This kind of art has been called "magic realism." There are some of Kiesling's small portraits which by the conscientiousness and tidiness of their enamel-like method of brush-touch remind me of Lukas Cranach and have

nevertheless a subtle modernism. In New York, Kiesling painted some delicate examples of that kind of portraiture as well as some small studies of nudes in the same vein; also landscapes of Central Park, all of jewel-like charm.

Contrary to Kiesling's is the broad, sovereign manner of the eminently gifted Pole Sigmund Menkes. Like his colleagues, he became in an astonishing way a part of the American world of artists. And yet, he never gave up his own way of painting which he had developed in Paris. With his customary zestful ardor for experiencing and seeing, Menkes found considerable stimulus in New York. He does not demonstrate that obvious rejuvenation by a superficial favoring of American themes, but rather by the symptoms of an inner transformation. In the face of his new paintings we feel the influence of the very atmosphere of the gigantic city, of its intense and jubilant *elan vital*, its brilliant colors and lights. Menkes is a painter *par excellence*. Nothing he does is merely colored drawing. He always reveals a genuine joy in transforming reality into the language of painting. It is a pleasure to look at his broad and juicy brush strokes, as they may be seen on his beautifully planned study corners and his still-lifes with flowers, fruits, precious vases, and ancient musical instruments of which Menkes is fond. There are pictures of women lost in thought, intensely characterizing portraits, as for instance that of the American-Jewish painter Raphael Soyer. The "Lady with a Green Veil," painted in New York, is a masterpiece. The texture, delicately spun, envelopes a thoughtful young girl of Oriental type. Menkes creates paintings which, without exaggeration, may be called Cezanne-like.

In breadth and sovereignty of craftsmanship, Mané Katz almost equals Menkes. The specifically Jewish element plays a greater role in him than in Menkes. Katz displays individuals as well as groups praying, meditating, or reading—

Jews who very deeply impress you. In magnitude of conception these paintings remind you of similar displays of the great American-Jewish painter Max Weber who—born in Bialystok, Russia, in 1891—came with his parents to New York as a ten year old boy. He does not really belong to this group, but may be mentioned here because in a certain way he is the ancestor of the immigrant Jewish artists from Eastern Europe. Mané Katz is far from the gleaming coloring of Weber. Katz prefers a rather thrifty, austere nuance of blackish and brown-yellowish valeurs contrasting with a light background. It is this very composition which increases both the sternness and the monumental weight of his way of painting.

Solomon Lerner is another personality of a definite character among this imposing group of men. He was born in the Ukraine, grew up in Bessarabia, and matured in Paris while unfolding his individuality. His colors glow from within; they seem to be wrapped in a delicate haze. Thus, his landscape fragments from France or those of his native country in the East (he visited it time and again), have somewhat the character of a reverie or a lyric meditation. It is as if while working he had hummed to himself a melancholy Russian-Jewish folk song and as if a casual musical note had trickled therefrom into the picture on the easel. While the artist in his wanderings had to wait on the island of Cuba for almost two years, the buoyant strength of his colors broke through the veil of mists under the burning sun of a nearly tropical country. Landscapes and still-lifes became triumphant in free brightness. And yet the visionary mood came back when he stirringly displayed Jewish people of his far away "staedtel" on the frontier of Russia and Romania, or when painting with tempestuous fantasy the Chassidic legends. There is much poetic beauty in those works of Lerner. They are of the very art of painting.

The Lithuanian Max Band went to Hollywood. Being younger than the previously mentioned artists he must be considered as a very strong talent of unique individuality. No one understood more intuitively the lovely and heroic landscapes of Southern France. No one rendered better the purple-pale-gray hue of the Parisian air, those "mauve" colors of an atmosphere of a particular bland pearliness. Band's artistic strength even increased under the lucky climate of California. There appeared on the canvas: orchards, flower-paintings, still-lifes of fruits, all of rare beauty. And at the same time the well-known figures of Band's Jewish native town came to the foreground; and time and again did he create huge, carefully worked out compositions Jewish in essence, among them the powerful "Kol Nidrei"—a painting which became well known. After the horrible Nazi pogroms of 1938 he—as did Chagall—expressed the tribulations of his heart by descriptive paintings. They produced the effect of an outcry and of furious accusation. Even so, despite their undisguised tendency, they seemed to be aware of what is due to artistic formulation.

And here we have to mention a master in craftsmanship, Arthur Szyk, also from Poland. The age-old tradition of the Jewish illuminators of the middle-ages and of the Renaissance have again come to life with him. As a modern "sopher" of high rank Szyk edited particularly precious studies: first a megillah artistically outfitted; then, a de luxe volume containing the ancient Jewish statute of the Polish town of Kalisch; finally, as his main work, the wonderful creation of an "illuminated" Haggadah. All was hand written and interspersed with picture-like miniatures and text-illustrations of a larger size. Szyk's delight in illustrative play led him to other tasks. In 1933, after his first trip to the United States, he produced a "History of the American Revolution," a series of 38 plates that were purchased by the then President of

the Polish Republic, Moszicki, and sent as a gift to President Roosevelt. From then on the art of Szyk (since 1940) took an interesting turn: after he had settled first in Canada, eventually in the United States, he devoted himself to cartooning, to satirizing war. The realistic exactness and precision of his miniatures transformed itself into a very specific language of ingenuous grotesque humor which has now become popular.

There is also a lady in that galaxy, Mrs. Maxa Nordau-Gruenblatt, the Paris-born daughter of Max Nordau, the enthusiastic Zionist leader. Maxa Nordau was lucky in that on her many voyages she was granted to see what her father was not: to know thoroughly Palestine, the Holy Land. Her husband worked there for a long time: he is one of the builders of the Tel Aviv port. The artist is also an author. A year ago, she, together with her mother, edited a biography of Max Nordau. She and her mother brought what is mortal of him to be interred in the earth of Palestine, in 1926, three years after his death. From her journeys to the Near East, Maxa Nordau brought with her a lot of remarkable pictures of Palestine towns, settlements, landscapes, and folk characters. It is a modest kind of art, but a reliable and very attractive one.

Another representative of the Jewish expressionists is Lasar Segall who in 1923 went to Brazil, also a predecessor of the great artists wandering across the Atlantic like Max Weber. Lasar Segall, born in Vilna, Poland, formerly was settled in Dresden, Germany, the center of the expressionistic movement after World War I. Now in Brazil he is one of the most distinguished and honored painters. That was especially proved by the presentation of his work in the series of exhibitions of the Ministry of Education in Rio de Janeiro in 1943. From the beginning of his career, Segall has always been attracted by the theme of human suffering. A critic called him "the painter of souls." One of his first canvasses as an appren-

tice, long ago, was a "Pogrom." Later among his masterpieces you find the extraordinary and deeply affecting picture "The Emigrant Ship"—we can take it as a symbol of our topic. Lasar Segall is not to be confounded with his half-namesake Arthur Segall, the important painter, a Roumanian Jew, formerly likewise of Germany, now living in London.

There is no lack of sculptors among the Eastern Jews. Their senior was the eminent statuary Enrico Glicenstein who died two years ago, 72 years old, a victim of an accident in New York. As a winner of the "Prix de Rome" he came from Paris to the Italian capital as early as 1897 and changed his first name Enoch or Henryk to Enrico. Glicenstein remained in Rome until the Hitlerian persecution broke out in Italy too, as a sculptor of significant and original gifts. Especially his wood-carving in its great forms was anticipating the endeavour of our days. Also his graphic art is near to the hearts of modern people, for instance, his etchings in the book of Samuel or in the narrative of Ruth (by Benjamin Kelsen), or his large engraving on "Moses fetched from the river." Glicenstein's son living in New York works as a prominent painter and drawer under the name of Emanuele Romano.

There was among that older generation of artists Naoum Aronson, a Russian who died as a refugee in New York two years ago. He lived many years in Germany where in 1905 he modeled a statue of Beethoven for the garden of the composer's birthplace located at Bonn on the river Rhine. That the sculptor worked on that specific task seems amazing judging from the experiences of our time. He later went to Paris. The younger generation of sculptors was represented by the noble talent of Ossip Zadkine; by Marek Szwarcz who became particularly known for his hammered reliefs of Jewish scenes; by Peter Fingesten, the very gifted son of the painter and etcher Michel Fingesten, who came from Milan, Italy; and, most

of all, by the great and singular talent of Jacques Lipschitz. He lived in Paris for no less than 32 years. (Kiesling lived there for 35 years). But he did not lose any of the characteristic traits of the Slavic fantasy that had influenced his art from the very beginning. The energy and passion of his freely expressed and symbolically formulated art also remained unchanged after he had come in contact with the "Mediterranean Art" of the French. There is something elemental or untamed in his sculptures. In face of them we feel, as if human beings, movements, lives, and bodies are loosed from chaos before our very eyes.

Only a very small number of non-Jewish Frenchmen accompanied those (originally East-European) emigrants from France. There were in Paris no high ranking French-Jewish artists during recent years. Jewish painters hardly played a role there after the death of Pissarro. Perhaps one could mention Joseph Levy. Only three prominent painters came as refugees to America, André Masson, Fernand Léger, and Amédée Ozenfant, all of them non-Jews.

Here we are confronted with a remarkable phenomenon which we want to discuss for a moment. It is a fact that the Jewish share is extremely small in the entire series of newest movements and experiments in art. Only one of the Jewish refugees fits in here, the Swiss Kurt Seligmann. He likes to create fantastic figures and scenes out of a free and singular imagination. His paintings are strange but attractive, slightly resembling the works of Hieronymus Bosch or Brueghel. Seligmann commands a whole crowd of spectre-like creatures of shreds and patches, and he stages a ghostly play of odd magic.

The Nazis tried to persuade the world that the Jews had infected the "sound art of the Aryans" by "disintegrating modern ideas." That, of course, is nonsense in itself; moreover, it is a stupid lie. The Nazis illustrated that falsehood with the

exhibitions called "Degenerate Art," which they sent throughout the whole of Germany. The idea was to stigmatize as "Jewish trash" all those works of art which the Nazis condemned because of so-called "cultural Bolshevism." Well, it is certainly not our task to "exculpate" Jewish artists wrongly mentioned in this connection. To participate in new endeavors of creative imagination and to carry them even to their radical consequences, is an honor and by no means a cause for "exculpation." However, it is an interesting fact that Jewish artists were but rarely attracted by the cubist, abstract, "non-objective" or "surrealistic" way of painting. The Jewish talent is reluctant to separate both painting and sculpture from the phenomena of reality.

This is also true of the German-Jewish artists who came to America. Many of the representatives of the most modern trend in art fled the stupid barbaric measures of the Nazis; but there was no Jew among those refugees. The "Bauhaus," the important center of modern ideas on art, located first at Weimar, later at Dessau in Central Germany, had been founded and conducted by non-Jews. All of them in disgust turned their backs to the Nazis and came to the United States. Thus, they are worthy of praise. But there is only one Jewish personality among the Bauhaus people now working in America. It is a woman, Anni Albers, the wife of the "abstract" painter Josef Albers. She works together with him in the apprentice studios of the Black Mountain College; she is an excellent representative and teacher of weaving conceived as a craft according to the latest decorative trends. Anni Albers is a granddaughter of Leopold Ullstein, the late founder of the well known former newspaper and publishing house in Berlin.

The outline of the course of studies the Bauhaus offered originated in the cultivation of modern architecture. The latter was considered as well as treated as the basis of all artistic creation and all ap-

plied artistic works. And this is where a Jewish artist of eminence comes in, Erich Mendelsohn. Next to the Bauhaus principals Walter Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, he has achieved international fame. The fundamental ideas of a novel kind of construction first appeared in America at the beginning of this century. Mendelsohn was among the first to carry them through in Europe. It was with both an unusual technical daring and a grand imagination of space creation that he introduced brand-new ideas into his particular profession. A modern architecture of quite a singular character and of specific value grew from his ingenious structures and blueprints. From 1933 on he worked mostly in Palestine and in England, particularly on the new grounds of the sea resort of Brighton, south of London. He always met with success, always disseminated manifold ideas. There seems to be no doubt, however, that America will be the proper place for his kind of work. We feel, looking at all these refugee architects, that an important future is in store for their collaboration with the American-born artists. The streams once parallel will now converge. In this way the strength of their currents will increase. Joined with the experience and the daring of American technique and with America's grand-scale sense of enterprise will be the logic of the conception of cubic space and of construction for use, both of them consistently developed in Europe. Among other Jewish architects, formerly doing efficient work in Europe, we have to mention Leo Nachtlicht, an architect of reliable craftsmanship and especially of imagination in decoration.

The German-Jewish painters who came to America belong mostly to the former "Secessions," i.e., to the artist organizations comprising the free progressive elements from the end of the last century to 1933. Max Liebermann himself, the great Berlin painter, who also was the founder of the Berlin "Secession," was

too old to undergo the strain of immigration. He was born in July, 1847; in other words he was nearly 86 years old when Hitler came to power. Liebermann died in Berlin early in 1935. Death probably came as a release to him. For, the horrible events of the transformation of Germany ruined him psychically and bodily. But the greater number of artists from the younger "Secessions" came to America. There is first of all Eugen Spiro who during its last phase had saved the Berlin "Secession" by his guidance and his exemplary comradeship, and presided over it until 1933. Before the first world war, Spiro was one of the founders of the "Salon d'Automne" in Paris. French schooling more than anything else influenced his development. The sensitivity and the flexible gracefulness of his way of painting, the joyful colors of his landscapes from France, Spain, and Yugoslavia, the absolute certainty and the impressive characterizations of his portraits brought him great success throughout Europe. He earned and secured for himself a highly respected position in New York, most of all by his extraordinary portraits. In this country he portrayed Albert Einstein and several famous immigrant musicians as well as American personalities, for instance Archbishop Edward Mooney, the spiritual leader of the Roman Catholic Church in the State of Michigan, and Professor Shuster, the President of New York's Hunter College. When Spiro received the commission for the Mooney portrait, the diocese of Detroit emphasized that it intentionally chose an artist who had been expelled from his native land because of his religion.

There are also other people coming from the "Secession," for instance Julius Schuelein, whose delicate town as well as landscape paintings clearly betray his connection with French impressionism. There is also Charlotte Berend-Corinth, the very gifted widow of the great (non-Jewish) painter Lovis Corinth; also Viktor Tischler, a Viennese, resident in

Munich for a long time, now in Hollywood. He combines a romanticist-decorative element with the impressionistic art of painting light. Then, there are the women, Gert Sax (the widow of the political writer Georg Bernhard) and Flora Joehlinger, now an assistant at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. In order to correct an error which is frequently made, I wish to emphasize that the excellent married painter-couple Jacobi-Rudolf Jacobi and his wife, the latter painting under the name "Annot"—are not Jewish. "Annot" is a grandniece of Adolph Menzel, the most celebrated of the Prussian painters during the last century. I should like to mention here a sentence of this admirable painter which became known at the beginning of the Hitler rule. When during the decisive meeting of the Berlin "Secession" it was made known that on the orders of the government the Jewish members were to be excluded, she arose frankly declaring: "I am not interested in a Germany without Jews." Next day she went with her family to America.

Frankfurt am Main was the domicile of the noticeable talent of Erich Isenburger belonging to a still younger generation. Duesseldorf, the Rhenish art metropolis, was the native town of Arthur Kaufmann, formerly the leader of "Young Rhineland," the western German art revolutionaries. His way of painting with its expressive contours and spreads of colors easily met with approval in New York. Here, as it was the case in Germany, Kaufmann became known mostly for his portraits, for instance, the portraits of the Jewish composer George Gershwin before his untimely death (Gershwin was a close friend of his); the art patron and collector Edward G. Robinson; the film star Luise Rainer, and the head-drawings in pencil of the directors of the War Production Board in Washington. The ingenious painter Gert Wollheim and the sculptor Sopher, born in Palestine, both of them members of the above mentioned Rhenish

group, were unable to leave France where at first they sought to find shelter. The etcher Gustav Wolf came to America from Southwestern Germany, namely, from the Academy of Arts at Karlsruhe, Baden. He had caused a sensation by his fanciful works. In New York he published a series called "Vision of Manhattan," a grand sequence of etched documents demonstrating the overpowering impression which the fresh sight of giants' houses, technical miracle works, the stormy ocean climate, and enormous traffic in the streets made upon the artist. Wolf conceived that series in clear-cut contours, in other words, in a way that was novel to him. It demonstrates the American influence leading him (even in these visionary etchings) to more gravity and exactitude in drawing.

Several Jewish immigrant artists originated in the formerly Hapsburg countries. Hugo Steiner-Prag, also an excellent etcher and, most of all, an incomparable master of both illustrating and modern graphic art as applied to books, came from the capital of Czechoslovakia, as his hyphenated name indicates. When in Europe he had displayed a very successful activity in both the arts and art pedagogics. Particularly, he worked as an organizer when Professor at the State Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipzig, Germany, where until 1933 he taught both book illustration and the art of advertising designing. Later he founded the "Officina Pragensis" in his native town, Prague; in Stockholm, later on, his friends and former pupils established an official position for him. From these stages of his wanderings we see the progress of Hitler persecutions. Steiner-Prag was called to New York in 1941. He now is a lecturer on graphic arts at the University of New York, simultaneously being a consultant on book designing for the University Press in Lincoln, Nebraska. He executed a series of excellent new works for both The Limited Editions Club and The Heritage Club.

Max Oppenheimer from Vienna is also an etcher of great fame. When in Europe he called himself "Mopp," at first as a matter of abbreviation and as a differentiation from the multitude of other Oppenheimers; later he took the word "Mopp" seriously. It is his official artist's name now. Old Viennese traditions endowed him with a heritage of a profound love of music. Not brush or palette, but his violin was the baggage he took with him on his hazardous flight over the frontier of newly Hitlerized Austria in 1938. Music guided him on the right way also in his painting. Music brought about the pictures of heads and profiles of great composers and instrumentalists; of the ensemble of eminent chamber-music players; even of the nervous tensions of music-playing hands. And it was music that induced "Mopp" to paint that admirable gigantic picture which he called "The Orchestra." It is at the same time a homage to Gustav Mahler, the conductor, and a representation of an orchestral body of more than 100 people. Never before did anybody dare to paint in that way. We may also see in Wilhelm Thoeny how much the Austrian enthusiasm for music directed the Austrian art of painting. He was born in Graz, Steiermark, and was the founder of the "Grazer Secession."

* * *

The representatives of similar auxiliary professions joined the creative artists. A great number of art scientists emigrated to America about the same time. They brought with them a lot of knowledge, practical experience, and great human quality. I wrote of that group of immigrants about two years ago (in "Congress Weekly" No. 29, October 9, 1942). Today I want to give a complete list.

There were many Jews, particularly in Germany, among lecturers and professors teaching the history of art at the universities or directors or custodians at the museums. All of them lost their positions in 1933. Most of them went to the United

States where they encountered a hospitable atmosphere, and most of them found opportunities for continuing their work. Most of them were internationally famous when in Europe, and they had professional and personal relations with their American colleagues. Many of those refugees had been here as "exchange professors" or on a study trip. They now met former pupils or comrades of their own university years who with praiseworthy faithfulness tried to help the newly arrived. The connection between the continents had always been very close in this field of art.

I will give only a brief survey of those scientists without going into details of their work already accomplished.

Professor Georg Swarzenski, formerly director general of the museums at Frankfurt am Main; now head of the department of plastics and art-crafts at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

His son, Dr. Hans Swarzenski, formerly assistant of the Far Eastern Department of the Museums at Berlin before 1933, now at the Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton.

Erwin Panofsky, formerly professor in Hamburg, now Professor of the History of Art in Princeton. When in Hamburg he was in close connection with the "Warburg Library" which was founded by Aby Warburg, the late elder brother of Felix and Max Warburg. The Library, along with its Jewish director, Dr. Fritz Saxl, is now safe in London. Professor Panofsky recently published a two-volume work on Albrecht Duerer, written in English. It is his long prepared first fruit since arrival in America.

Edgar Wind, also from Hamburg, is teaching at the University of Chicago.

Jacob Rosenberg, formerly assistant Director at the Berlin Print Collection, now professor at Harvard and simultaneously Head of the Print Collection of the Museum in Boston.

Walter Friedlaender, formerly associate professor at the University of Freiburg in

Breisgau, Germany, now at the University of New York.

Hans Huth, formerly an official of the Prussian Ministry of Education, Science and Art, entrusted with the administration of the State Palaces and Gardens, now working with the Administration of Parks at Washington.

Alfred Neumeyer, formerly of the same ministry, also a lecturer at the University of Berlin, now lecturing at Mills College, California.

Hans Tietze, formerly at the Austrian Art Administration in Vienna until 1938, later at the Library of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, now entrusted with a special task at the Frick Library in New York.

Alfred Salmony, an expert of Chinese and Japanese art, formerly an assistant at the Museum of Far Eastern Art in Cologne, now teaching at the University of New York.

Lehmann-Hartleben, of half-Jewish descent, an archeologist, now also at the University of New York.

Paul Zucker, an architect and art historian, formerly in Berlin, now teaching at the New School for Social Research, in New York.

Richard Krautheimer, formerly a lecturer at the University of Marburg, Germany, now teaching at Vassar College.

Curt Glaser, Director of the Prussian Art Library in Berlin until 1933, came to New York in 1939 after a long stay in Switzerland. He wanted to take up quietly his old plans for study. He died here in the summer of 1943.

Georg Karo, many years ago Director of the German Institute of Archeology in Athens, taught at Oberlin University in Ohio and intends to move to New York in the near future.

Julius Held, formerly at Kaiser Friedrich-Museum in Berlin, now a lecturer at Barnard College, New York.

Ernest Scheyer, formerly at the museum in Breslau, now a lecturer at the University of Detroit.

Guido Schoenberger, formerly at the Museum of Frankfurt am Main, now at the Institute of Fine Arts, University of New York.

Elsa Moses, formerly an assistant at the Museum of Industrial Arts in Cologne, now (since 1934) Curator of Decorative Art at the De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco.

Herman Gundersheimer, who in pre-Hitler Germany was the head of the Art Collection of the Jewish Community in Frankfurt am Main, is now teaching at the University of Pennsylvania.

Franz Landsberger, professor at the University of Breslau until 1933; Director of the Jewish Museum in Berlin until the pogrom year 1938, now working at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. The eminent Berlin collection of Jewish art which the Berlin businessman, Sally Kirschstein, had labored to build up, is now waiting in Cincinnati to be classified and arranged. Fortunately, that treasure was sold to America before Hitler came to power. Landsberger is now putting the last touch to a new book on the works of the Jewish artists from the most ancient times. A chapter from it, "Jewish-Artists before the time of the Emancipation," appeared in the Hebrew Union College Annual in 1942.

Rahel Wischnitzer-Bernstein is another special expert on Jewish art who came to New York. Mrs. Wischnitzer, born in Russia, edited an important book in German on "Profiles and Symbols in Jewish Art." In 1941 she published in the "Proceedings of the American Academy for Jewish Research" her scientific investigations on the "Samuel series of the Murals of Dura Europos," the murals in the synagogue excavated at Dura Europos near Palmyra in the Near East (in 1932).

Both Ernest Cohn-Wiener, author of the excellent German book *The Art of the Jews*, who had worked in India for several years after 1933, and Max Deri, greatly appreciated as a gifted busy art

pedagogue in pre-Hitler Germany, died after their immigration to New York.

Paul Westheim now lives in Mexico. He was the editor of the excellent Berlin monthly *Das Kunstblatt* which did much for the aspirations of the post-impressionistic era. All these people were followed by many others from the Nazi-occupied countries of Europe. André Spire, the excellent and highly gifted expert and writer on art, came from France.

Also, New York art dealing and the connected exhibitions of the city—"57th Street" in one word—experienced improvements and suggestions from the Jewish emigration. The well known Paris Salons d'Art of Wildenstein and Paul Rosenberg had had a branch establishment in New York for some time. Eventually they left France and put all the impact of their firm upon their American business. Thus the above mentioned "Art Street" of New York was strengthened by the Rue La Boëtie of Paris; and that meant an increase in exhibitions of the great French art of the last century. Furthermore, there are some "salons" quite novel to the New Yorkers, for instance, Dr. Kallir's from Vienna (Galérie St. Étienne), Dr. Hugo Feigl's from Prague, Sperling's from Munich, Perls', Thannhauser's, Dr. Schaeffer's, Dr. Lilienfeld's, and Curt Valentin's ("Gallery Buchholz") all from Berlin.

In this connection, we should not forget the art treasures brought to America

on a grand scale by Jewish art lovers and collectors during the last decade. First came many from France where many people had a presentiment of an impending earthquake in Europe. Then the art loving German-Jews arrived, with what they were able to save of their precious art possession from the thievish hands of the Nazis. Fortunately there was more saved than expected.

It is obvious that this strong artistic element, being rooted in the Jewish immigrants from Europe, carries within itself a lot of problems. It constitutes an event without precedent not only for America, but also in the history of the Jews. We in this article are mostly interested, of course, in the question of how the enumerated facts will affect the Jewish refugees and the Jews as a whole; particularly how far will the future development of the creative power of the Jews be affected? To this end and in order to see clearly, there should be added a survey of Jewish work in other fields of art.

However, for our immediate progress in the field of the graphic and plastic arts, we must be content with a catalog, as it were. Even that catalog could not be made complete. We wish to demonstrate the trends, many of which are destined to influence an important chapter in the history of the Jewish fate, as we have seen it throughout the years and still see it day by day.

*A Note On Karl Shapiro**

By SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

I

IN THE VOLUME OF *Five Young American Poets* for 1941, published by New Directions, appeared Karl Shapiro's first collection of poems. He was instantly acclaimed as one of the outstanding young poets of "pre-war" America. Robust and fearless, he stood in the vanguard of those writers who met the treacheries and ironies, as well as the beauties of America with a clinical eye and equally skilful pen. Appearing at the end of a decade preoccupied with the social scene, and monopolized poetically by "public speech," as Archibald MacLeish so aptly named it, Shapiro effectively added a private outlook, and an individual voice.

His first book, *Person Place and Things*, assured us of the full extent of his abilities. He was by no means a poet of one tune. He argued less for poetic creeds than for psychological fulfilments. He did not join the cult of verbal obscurity and stanzaic idiosyncrasies, but worked within the orthodox usages of rhyme and rhythm with striking originality. He exorcised the deviltry of bigotry, of prejudice, of finger-pointing, and name-calling of majority to minority, of class to class, of man to man, of man to God, but did not falsify his youth by overlooking the themes of the romantic tradition.

But by now, Karl Shapiro was already serving in the armed forces, and philosophy was no longer pacific:

That prophet year by year
Lays still but could not hear
Where scholars tapped to find his new
remains
Gog and Magog ate pork
In vertical New York
And war began next Wednesday on the
Danes.

And before that infamous "next Wednesday," it had been the Poles, and Austria before that, and Spain before them all. And now, America lay in the path of the Juggernaut. Karl Shapiro's second book, *V-Letter*, published in 1944, is the transcript of this history, and the re-definition of values discovered in jungles and islands many miles from "vertical New York."

War is panic. War is reality, mortal differences that level and disclose the unalterable space before your very eyes, the utter sobriety of the unknown. War is nightmare, not dream, not plaudits, not a Guggenheim fellowship, not prizes in poetry magazines.

Life is foreshortened by planes and battleships. Blood and bullets disband, disarrange, rearrange the decisive factors of devildom, whether it is in the Pacific or in the Mediterranean, whether in the East Side, or in the Ghetto of Warsaw. One's heaven is approximate and pain cannot be false:

The bugle sounds the measured call to
prayers,
The band starts bravely with a clarion
hymn,
From every side, singly, in groups, in
pairs,
Each to his kind of service comes, to
worship HIM.

Sunday: New Guinea

* *Five Young American Poets*. New Directions. 1941. 218 pp. \$2.50.

Person Place and Things; Reynal Hitchcock; 88 pp., \$2.00.

V-Letter; Reynal Hitchcock; 63 pp., \$2.00.

War colors the philosophy of our wounds, and destiny reclines to be endured, since power is the assassin. The fault lies in self, the fault lies in many, and sin is human but death never rejects.

Look up, look up, and wait and breathe.
 These nights
 We fear Orion and the Cross. The crowd
 Of deadly insects caught in our long lights
 Glitter and seek to burrow in a cloud
 Soft-mined with high explosive. Breathe
 and wait
 The bombs are falling darkly for our fate.

To the poet, war is night, the longest meditation. War, to Karl Shapiro, "is the private psychological tragedy." War is efficient, a determined provider; it supplies flags, medals, chaplains, and coffins in desolate regions to many selves, but one body. For some, it is not difficult to recognize the world of their ideas, or even to find their ancestry behind the door of the exterior physical world, the extraordinaries of a childhood, a grandmother perhaps . . . "her dry and corded throat harangued by grief, or a ragged, book bent in Hebrew prayers," not the loud cry for a star that never falls, but the chant, the incantation against the shape of night.

War is quantum of confusion and memories yellowing within the eyes, while the mind is held together by V-letters. A world is baptized by ink and blood, and the poet is immersed in the self-evident idea, "the Word became Flesh and dwelt among us." "I have not written these poems to accord with any doctrine or system of thoughts," Karl Shapiro writes in his introduction to *V-Letter*, a statement which impels one to re-examine his works and discover against what he is defending himself here.

It is fairly obvious that the present struggle in Warsaw between David and Goliath is a contemporary backdrop for new verse and old conviction. Yet in a world of categories, in a world of mutilated commandments (The Lord is righteous; for I have rebelled against his com-

mandment: hear, I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow: my virgins and young men are gone in captivity), you sense an eagerness in Shapiro's new book for satiric-prophetic reutterances on Judaism.

Yet the intensity of "new values" tests the identity of his worlds. One world, in *Person Place and Things*, is a world of mature fondness not "To hurt the Negro and avoid the Jew," an experience which was not a casual experiment, but an indictment against social prejudices. The second, in *V-Letter*, is testing the Jewish scriptures as a credo of universal truths, by adopting a new Messiah to reduce the conflicts inherent in his grandmother's world of great healers and poets, and gain the self-assurance of a total personality in a splintered universe.

The synagogue dispirits the deep street
 Shadows the face of the pedestrian,
 It is the adumbration of the Wall,
 The stone survival that laments itself,
 Our old entelechy of stubborn God
 Our calendar that marks a separate race.

The Synagogue

And again, in "Moses;"

Converse with God made you a thinker
 Taught us all early justice, made us a
 race.

One wonders what the outcome of Shapiro's struggle with the angel of doubt might have been had he been less obsessed with race, and more concerned with people.

Our wine is wine, our bread is harvest
 bread
 That feeds the body and is not the body.
 Our blessing is to wine but not the blood.

II

Are there then, no other conclusions, intellectual and poetic, that can be drawn from these ancient accusations, and equally ancient apologies? There have been affirmative treatments of these ideas in the past five years. Paul Goodman's

Cain and Abel recalls the origin of man-slaughter with shocking insight wherein the Innocent one now suddenly the Convicted, shall be returned to his mother. Also Delmore Schwartz's *Shenandoah*, in which the factual holiness of circumcision is to reidentify our role as hunted and healer. Nor can we fail to see the great personality of *Solomon Warshower* by A. M. Klein, who withstood all doubts and disfranchisements to choose the truths of an impaled Abel, only to be negated by Shapiro's spiritless sanctioning of an accepted Shylock.

.....If he could realize
His actual defeat or personal doom
He must die or change or show that he
was vile.

Shylock

What a paradox to discover once more the mutilated Abel in "Elegy For a Dead Soldier," in a tranquility which is not rebirth, but an unchanged curse. Yet how intimate the two worlds of death united by that first and last sense of pain—a life inscribed on a tag!

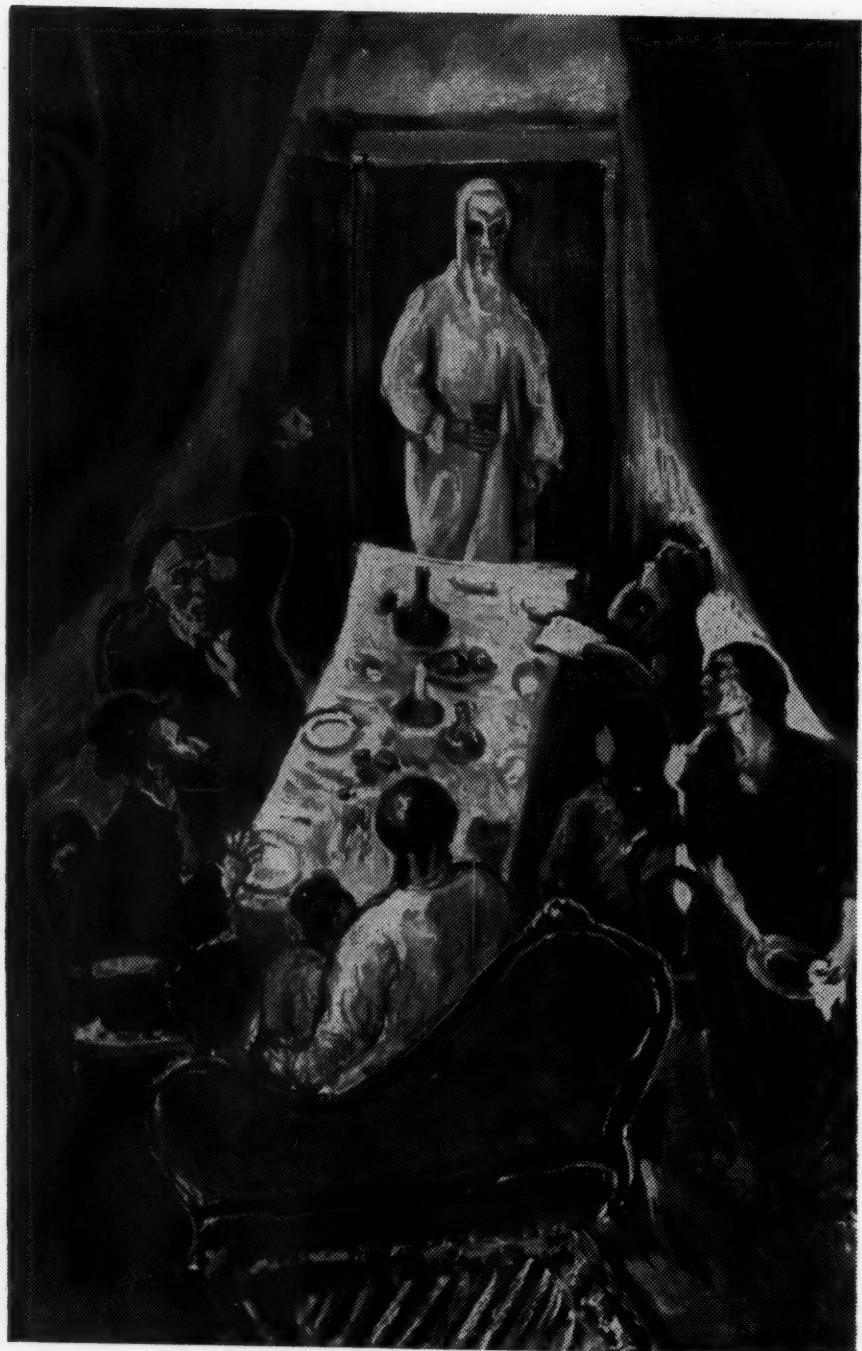
Are we to expect the poet's introspectionism, embedded in timeless trenches, to discover the receded continents of his poetic space? Or are we improperly trailing the voices of Solomons and Davids, and the Sabbatai Zevis? We must take comfort in dreaming that the silent personages whom we meet between marches and victories, are the decisive thirty-six

saints with whom the legends strengthen us. And yet they cannot safeguard us against Knights in Armor in an imperfect world.

In the narrow cells of one's own Ghetto, the Psalms have always commemorated the poet's love for the "aggregated one." In *V-Letter* the love poems of Shapiro are again beautiful by any standards and free from the perplexities and implications of a borrowed world.

I love you first because your face is fair,
Because your eyes Jewish and blue . . .
And I pray nothing for my safety back,
Not even luck, because our love is whole
Whether I live or fall.

Is it possible that in circumstances, military and masculine, Shapiro has relinquished the ties of Zion womanless," for a sublimation and a grace "To the first woman as to Magdalene." If the war can teach the intellectual anything, Shapiro has written, "it can teach humility; if it can test anything it can test externality against the soul." Perhaps Shapiro has not had time enough, as yet, to learn the entire text of humility and compensating strength. Even in France and Hungary, it is reported, not substitutes were sought near Lublin gravestones and community executions, but the integers of heritage. Perhaps the future cessation of the guns, and his re-orientation to the silence, will resolve Karl Shapiro's problem.



Visit of the Prophet Elijah

DAVID BEKKER

NEW YORK NOTES

By VERO

DEAR J. D. C.: our heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of your 30th birthday! Few residents of the New World may realize the magic affect these three letters, or the word "Joint" had on Europe's persecuted Jews, in the past three decades. The Joint Distribution Committee is far from idle, these crucial days. "The J. D. C. allocated \$20,400,000 in 1944," the Committee's executive vice-chairman, Joseph C. Hyman told the 2,000 men and women whom he addressed at the Hotel Commodore. "It is a conservative estimate that if a million and a half Jews survive in non-Russian Europe, at least a million will need help in one form or another." Hence, a total sum of more than 46 million dollars will be needed immediately after the cessation of hostilities, regardless of the aid given by the UNRRA and other agencies. Those who heard Captain Guy de Rothschild, now serving with General Pierre Koenig, describe the appalling plight of French Jewry, will not hesitate to throw in their mite!

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INDEED, rescue comes first. Our fellow-Jews seem to realize it at last. The record sum of 100 million dollars has been raised by the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees, Overseas Needs and Palestine, since 1939; the United Palestine Appeal approved a budget of more than 35 million dollars for 1945, and Hadassah started a fund-raising campaign to enlarge the public health program in Palestine which

will receive a large number of penniless, sick refugees. Regrettably, there are still some crazy Gothamites—including those of the Jewish faith—who angrily complain about the cigarette and meat shortage. Remember France: in a Southern French city a riot broke out recently in a movie during a showing of the film *Andy Hardy Goes to Town*. When a huge plate of caviar and cold salmon was shown on the screen, police had to be called to restore order.

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OUR WAR VETERANS must not be forgotten, either. There are more than a half million Jewish men and women in the nation's armed forces, 250,000 of them from the New York area. The Committee for Coordinating Jewish Community Services for Veterans, at a meeting at the YMHA center, agreed that sufficient attention must be given the returning soldiers and sailors. "Just now everybody loves the veteran," remarked Dr. Willard Waller, professor of Sociology at Columbia University, "but when he sheds his uniform, tramps the streets and looks for a job—and is bitter if he does not find one—many of his present friends may turn against him."

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MANY LIBERAL-MINDED AMERICANS fear the rise of a huge tide of racial and religious bigotry in post-war America. At a meeting of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene at the Hotel Pennsyl-

vania the Wisconsin anthropologist, Professor H. Scudder Mekeel warned that there is a real possibility of a revival of the Ku Klux Klan, or the creation of similar hate organizations under a different name in even more virulent forms: "So far we have not had a hate and super-nationalist organization that combined with prejudice a definite ideology to apply to government. However, the world trend of such prejudice movements, as we see in Germany, is to embody an ideology. We may get such a development here the next time."

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DR. HARLAN H. HORNER, former Associate Commissioner of Education in New York and since 1940 secretary of the American Dental Association's Council on Dental Education, gave us a foretaste of tomorrow's hate pudding. In a report submitted by him, in the name of his association, to a Congressional Subcommittee, he assailed what he called "the racial and geographical imbalance" among the 9014 students enrolled in the nation's 39 dental schools. Observing that 2170 students or 24 per cent were residents of New York and New Jersey, he declared that they were "largely of foreign extraction" and belonged "mainly to one racial group." Hence, "so far as they are confined to one racial group they claim admission to the dental study far in excess of the ratio of the entire population of this group to the population of the nation." He suggested a *numerus clausus* on a national scale, such as he had recommended, in a previous report, to New York's Columbia University Dental School.

The unmistakable slur on Jewish dental students was promptly repudiated by several large Dental Societies in New York. Said Dr. Joseph M. Glaser, a Catholic, president of the N. Y. State Dental Society: "The biggest problem confronting American dentistry today is the dental health needs of the American public,

only 25 per cent of which received adequate professional care. This problem cannot be solved by bigotry or by restricting the number of qualified students." Columbia's Professor William J. Gies, one of the most revered figures in American dentistry, remarked scathingly: "What's the difference if a dentist is Jewish or Gentile or if his ancestors came over on a boat more recent than the Mayflower, so long as he's a good dentist? Are we going to come to the point where an Englishman's decayed teeth can be extracted only by a Spaniard!"

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ANOTHER SLUR came from an Englishman. When Noel Coward, in his book *Middle East Diary*, ironically referred to "mournful little Brooklyn boys" weeping over slight wounds, he did not foresee the stir it would cause among the 3 million Brooklynites, more than forty per cent of whom are Jewish while a large section is of Latin stock. Indignant service men urged the City Council to ask New York producers and publishers to stop production of Coward's works. They pointed to Meyer Levin, Brooklyn bombardier who was killed in action in the Pacific, Lieut. Condiotti, the first American to land in the Normandy invasion, and other heroes who give the lie to the story. If you want to make a Brooklynite angry, just mention the name of Mr. Coward to him—that'll do the trick!

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FORTUNATELY, there are quite a few notable Americans who devote much of their time and energy to fighting the menace of Judaeophobia and Xenophobia. One of them is Justice Frank Murphy of the U. S. Supreme Court who has the strength of a battalion. In the 1944 citation of the League of Fraternal Organizations of the Jewish Education Committee "to the American who has made the most significant contribution to the growth of human brotherhood," he was hailed as

an "illustrious jurist, deeply religious Christian, warm-hearted humanitarian." The judge, unable to attend the League's annual dinner, thanked the organization in a letter for the award, saying that "one who accepts anti-Semitism in reality makes war on the Christian faith and the Constitution of the United States." The Justice was also awarded the 1944 Medal for Promotion of Better Understanding Between Christian and Jew in America, given annually by *The American Hebrew* magazine in recognition of the year's activity in the progress of inter-faith accord in America.

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SHIFTING TO THE CULTURAL SCENE, I wish to stress the 19th annual conference of the Yiddish Scientific Institute. A galaxy of speakers from several countries addressed the audience, and the topics ranged from "The Babylonian Exile in the Light of Recent Research" to "The Sounds -eng, -enk (*eyng, eynk*) and e (*ey*) in Yiddish dialects"—or the other way round. At the Yivo Institute Roman Vishniak exhibited interesting and rare photos showing Jewish Life in the Carpathians.

One of the speakers was the poet H. Leivick, author of the recent hit, *Miracle of the Warsaw Ghetto*. The New Jewish Folk Theater now provides us with an equally moving play, *We Will Live*, by the Soviet-Jewish poet David Bergelson. The plot runs, briefly, as follows:

In a prosperous Ukrainian Jewish farm collective a Russian-Jewish agronomist and his German-Jewish colleague work on the solution of a vital scientific problem. When the Nazis overrun the place, they vainly try to wrest the discovery from the two scientists. Neither tortures, nor hangings, nor shootings can force the farmers to surrender their hidden stores, to work the abandoned fields, or to betray the partisan hideout. Eventually the unity and will to live of this collective triumph, and the Nazis perish.

There are unforgettable little episodes in the play, among them the one where a Jewish boy, seeing a refugee whose eyes had been put out by the enemy, asks his mother: "What sort of eyes has Hitler?" Jacob Ben-Ami, playing the Russian scientist, steals the show.

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CONGREGATION EMANU-EL is busy celebrating its centenary. An All-American Conference on Hebrew Music, followed by a concert, was held in the Temple's Assembly Hall. The musicologists included Hugo Leichtentritt, professor of Harvard, and Ernest Bloch, Frederick Jacobi, and Lazare Saminsky were among the composers whose works were presented. Some of the choral and organ compositions were really convincing and stirring—and yet the remark made by old Rimsky-Korsakoff to his young pupil, Saminsky, in 1908, still holds true: "Jewish music waits for its genius."

Nobody doubts the talent of 26-year-old Leonard Bernstein who suddenly came into the limelight in November, 1943, when he was pinch-hitting for Bruno Walter, taking over the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra at a moment's notice, so to speak. The *N. Y. Times Magazine* calls him "a sort of mixture of Mozart, Toscanini, Horatio Alger hero, and Frank Sinatra." Bernstein who scored a success with his *Jeremiah* symphony and now makes money with a musical comedy, is an unusually versatile man. But his colleagues are jealous of him: "Pianists find him an excellent conductor; conductors look upon him as a promising young composer; composers regard him as Tin Pan Alley's favorite son; song writers wish heartily that he spent all his time at the key-board."

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THIS CORRESPONDENT is happy to report that attention is now being given to the outstanding impressionist painter, Eugen

Spiro, a refugee from the erstwhile Festung Europa. Born more than seventy years ago in Breslau, he was professor at the Academie Moderne in Paris, and at the Berlin Academy of Art. Nevertheless "You were nobody when you arrived here," Thomas Mann wrote him in a letter that is reprinted in the catalogue of the St. Etienne Gallery: "To the broad American public your name meant nothing. At seventy, you had to fight like a beginner. That was tough, but it was also an impetus to fertility . . ." The exhibition contains landscapes, still lifes, and especially portraits, including those of Einstein, Judge Proskauer, George N. Shuster, Archbishop Mooney, and Max Osborn.

The last-named, incidentally, recently celebrated his 75th birthday in New York. For more than three decades he was an art critic of the *Vossische Zeitung*. Ousted from his job by the Nazis, he became one of the founders of Berlin's *Juedischer Kulturbund*. His *Geschichte der Kunst* is a standard work of which 70 editions were issued in German, and which was translated into several languages. After having overcome a dangerous sickness, the alert old man with the vivid eyes is now busily writing his Memoirs.

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SEVERAL MONTHS AGO Professor Felix Ehrenhaft, formerly of Vienna, thrilled American physicists by his epochal discovery that magnetism flows, just as electricity does, and that electricity and magnetism form an indivisible pair. Now he tells the American Physical Society that light is a physical force and travels like a corkscrew. Tiny particles of metal dropped into an unlighted tube fell straight down, he said, describing an experiment. But when a beam of light was turned down the tube, the particles spiraled downward. Dr. Ehrenhaft concluded that light, considered as a force, might claim some of the credit from

gravitation for the spinning motions of earth, planets, and stars and the revolving of one mass around another.

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GOING FROM PHYSICS to anthropology, I'd like to thank the Cranbrook Institute of Science that prepared, and the Race Relation Division of Fisk University, that has been circulating the exhibit presenting graphically the facts of anthropology now shown in the main exhibition hall of the New York Public Library. Sponsored by the Mayor's Committee on Unity, "The Races of Mankind" show points out that there is actually only one race—the human race. "All the races in America," said Newbold Morris, President of the City Council, at the opening of the exhibition, "ask not for special privilege, but just to be treated like any one else." He asserted that if Americans cannot achieve racial and religious tolerance and understanding in their own country, it will be impossible to do so in the rest of the world.

The show's definition: "Jews are people of any race who practice the religion of Judaism" is hardly convincing, though. What about Spinoza, or Disraeli? Photos of Chinese, Polish, Moroccan, Indian and other Jews are being exhibited. It is difficult to see, though, why Palestine's Jewry is being represented by the heavily bearded Sephardic and Ashkenazic chief rabbis instead of by some specimens of the sinewy, athletically built new generation, reared in the agricultural colonies.

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PERMIT ME to conclude my report with a few "human interest" stories. The most thrilling I heard from Mr. Harry J. Rubenstein, chairman of the business and industry division of the National Labor Committee for Palestine, at the Committee's 21st annual convention. It is the story of a modern Esther, a member of Palestine's labor organization, Histadruth,

who saved 18 men by stealing into Germany, "marrying" them, and accompanying them to Palestine, shortly before the war. The girl, a former German subject, who could easily pass as a Nazi, entered the country on forged passports. The nineteenth time she did not return. . .

Equally moving is the story of Rabbi Samuel Rubin, executive director of the Beth Jacob Seminary in Brooklyn. After a five-year-struggle to bring his family from Poland to this country, the 38-year-old rabbi received word that his wife and five children could no longer be found: "Further investigation impossible," the Red Cross message read.

He volunteered for the U. S. armed services. Both Army and Navy rejected him for physical reasons. Thereupon he joined the Merchant Marine. The black-haired, bearded rabbi gladly agreed to give up his rabbinical ritual, to shave his long beard for the first time and to undergo the 13 weeks training at Sheeps-

head Bay. Visibly moved by the swearing-in ceremony at 45 Broadway, he said simply: "For me this is a holy war. I will do my best to become a good seaman."

The joke of the season are 15 German war prisoners, 100 per cent Aryans and members of the Master Race, who are tasting the bitter dregs of defeat here. For they are packing kosher food for a Jewish firm at a town near New York. They have overcome their initial shock, we were told, and have even learned to like the strange food of the "Untermenschen," now and then snatching a tidbit to eat as they work. They get 10 cents per hour; the firm, however, pays the government the same salary for prison labor that it pays for free labor, the differential going into the U. S. Treasury. Some orthodox friends of mine are upset about that sort of business. They realize the tremendous manpower shortage and the firm's emergency—and yet they'll boycott the firm. Personally, I can't blame them.

BOOKS

In Praise Of Wisdom, by Jacob Klatzkin. L. B. Fischer Pub. Co., New York. 312 pp. 1943. \$3.50.

It is notable company to which Jacob Klatzkin in his *In Praise Of Wisdom* asks admission. The names of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus come to mind, and of La Rochefoucauld and Pascal. He has affinities also to the familiar essayists, Montaigne, Bacon, Hazlitt, Emerson. His thoughts, observations, and reflections are cast in classic form. Will they be read a hundred years hence? Can they challenge comparison, let us say, with the *Note Books* of Samuel Butler?

Writing of this kind, brief, pithy, sententious, demands a penetrating style and a gift for the right word and the memorable phrase. Hazlitt in his essay on "Footmen" begins: "Footmen are no true part of Christianity." There is a world of wit and irony in this pungent epigram. Samuel Butler, we know, went repeatedly over his files paring, refining, and polishing his phrases until he had packed the utmost that he could into as few and as striking words as possible, seeking, too, an air of naturalness, even casualness. Mr. Klatzkin's epigrams and brief essays have been translated from the Hebrew by A. Ragelson, very ably I should judge, for happy phrasing and the sparkle of wit are frequently evident. Yet inevitably with loss, for no work of the first order can, I believe, be taken over from the language of its creation to another without losing subtleties, delicacies, and turns of idiom which have no equivalents. It says much for the present volume that the question of translation does not spontaneously arise in the reader's mind. He accepts the book as done in English until curiosity leads him to seek out its origin.

Greater than the difficulty of language is the handicap of the author's professional standing as a philosopher. The writers of wise sayings and quotable epigrams have all been philosophers it is

true, but in the broad sense that they had lived and observed and then distilled the essence of pity and laughter into words. They were not makers of formal systems. Did Kant ever write anything quotable? Formal philosophy almost disqualifies a man for wisdom. Wisdom demands too many tolerances, irrelevancies, and inconsistencies. With these your formal philosophers will have little to do.

I would not wholly exonerate Mr. Klatzkin from this taint though I believe he himself senses it and tries desperately and with considerable success to rid himself of it. The longer essays which constitute the latter part of the book, though broken into brief fragments which seek the air of casualness and spontaneity, verge almost on the formal and the academic. Yet because of the author's richness of matter and expression and because no reader can feel other than indebtedness to him, the man's past and his unfortunate associations should be condoned and if possible forgotten.

Nuggets of wisdom and "jewels of thought five words long" can be admired only when displayed. A review can but quote a few of them to evidence the writer's quality and these necessarily such as the reviewer particularly likes. I give you a handful:

The greatest satisfaction one may experience is the satisfaction of being free. But every satisfaction involves a tie and a subjection. Is not the satisfaction of being free a contradiction on the face of it? Full freedom cannot be had unless one frees himself from satisfaction-giving ties. However, freedom itself is a satisfaction that has its concomitant suggestions. There is no escape from life in the midst of life.

The soul, in the very depths of its uniqueness and isolation, spins fine threads of contact between itself and society; it offers to society even the secret of its escape from society. While it prays in silence, it is unconsciously flattered by the idea of an audience listening in. An audience is the creative mind's inevitable shadow. The soul's perpetual dialogue points to its social character.

Know fossil thoughts are easily reduced to a system; vital thoughts balk at systematization.

What, in essence, is poetry? It is a spinning of threads of similitude. It likens the rays of the sun to an animal's horns, the moon to a scythe, the waves of the sea to an undulating field of grain, etc. The pleasure that it gives us is the evocation of a sense of identities, of likenesses and parallelisms in the universe, of cosmic harmony.

No society is so boring as a gathering of writers. All the light and warmth of their souls is expended by them in literary labors.

There is a class of writers who work hard to hide their simple and obvious ideas under a mass of verbiage. In this way they hope to induce in the reader a sense of profundity. . . . Our generation boasts many writers of this class.

Evaluate every thought by asking: How far does its atmosphere extend? Then you will be taking its true measure of height.

Woman's beauty, too, is a matter of emanation. It is not the beauty inherent in the structure of limb and feature that makes a woman beautiful. It is her peripheral beauty, the beauty of the atmosphere surrounding her.

A man who is busy calling others to moral account will hardly ever call himself to account. Shall the collector be also a payer?

Beware of preachers.

Because people are too lazy to live, too lazy to think and feel, they tend to escape soul-tempests and spiritual adventure, and to steep themselves in labors that make them oblivious of their inner world. That is good for them. In this way, those too lazy to live become truly industrious. That is good for the world.

You have confessed your sin. You are absolved of past transgressions. Well, your soul is now free to enter upon new sins. Most prayers are really indulgences, i.e. advance payments for future transgressions. Now that you have prayed, it is quite easy for you to go out and sin.

How queer it is that people are grateful for the beautiful gifts with which these [artists] have endowed mankind. As well praise and thank men and women for sacrificing themselves on the altar of humanity by preserving the species through begetting boys and girls.

Would space permit, I should quote numerous passages of comment on the arts, particularly upon writing and music. I must content myself with a few sen-

tences upon music which seem to me particularly acute. "Mozart," our author observes, "is the Socrates of music. Both share a fine irony; their sublime acts meekly, even to allowing itself a smile of humor; they put a veil of lightness and jest over their sanctities and deeps. It is the jest of gods and the playfulness of gods." Mr. Klatzkin remarks that in "contradistinction to these is Richard Wagner, who is ever atremble with holiness, raging with pathos, heaving with sublimity, ever ambitious for the exaggerated, the marvelous, the divine, ever calling down the fire of heaven." Beethoven stands between Mozart and Wagner in the author's opinion.

The characterization of Wagner is good but scarcely profound. The author himself is evidently dissatisfied, for he proceeds to a further characterization which goes to the root of the matter. "One might think there can be no genius without nobility. But Wagner possesses genius without possessing nobility." He goes on to develop the theme. Wagner's music he characterizes as "self-advertisingly noisy." It shows "gigantic power," but "it also betrays too much of intention and scheming . . . it is a self-glorification. It lacks the humility appropriate to the sublime; it lacks the nobility of humor." And he concludes with this question which could truly have been an affirmation: "Is it not possible, however, his genius belongs to great powers of another order, a *Satanic* one, to which nobility and humility alike are alien, in which these are deemed vices rather than virtues?" Therein are explained the doubts that arise in the listener as he harkens to the mock pieties of *Lohengrin* and *Parsifal*. Also *Der Fuehrer's* passion for the same.

Purveyors of honied wisdom bear also a sting. The flattered reader observes of the aphorisms which please him that he would have said the same had he happened to think of it. It is better for his soul that he be stung to dissent. *In Praise of Wisdom* will provoke remonstrance also. My own chief criticism is of the author's preoccupation with greatness, with genius of various kinds. This is his flat assertion: "It is certain that the few great-spirited ones belong to one family, and constitute a separate entity within the body of mankind, an entity of different quality and essence and not merely of a higher degree of the same quality and essence. Frequently, the distance

between the few unique ones and the multitudinous masses of the small-spirited is greater than the distance between man and brute." This is an extraordinary statement to be so dogmatically put. We must concede, if we accept it, some spiritual mutation in a few of the human species which is unaccompanied by a visible bodily mutation. These spiritual supermen are to the physical eye no different from the ordinary human species and indeed are often physically surpassed by those spiritually inferior. Far be it from me to define greatness or demonstrate wherein genius differs from mediocrity. Let the designers of I. Q. tests attack that problem. Yet cannot we conclude that to the degree in which any of us understand geniuses in morals and in the arts and sciences we, too, are of a kind with them, less than they to any extent you like, but creatures of the same order and none wholly without the divine spark. It is more congruous with experience to believe that all human beings are ranged on a vast scale from 1 to n but measurable nevertheless. Mr. Klatzkin's beliefs in this regard smack too much of hero worship. Heroes should be taken with a grain of salt. The general desire to humanize them has in it an instinctive rightness more wholesome than the slavish desire to raise some man to the level of a god. Again Der Fuehrer will serve to illustrate the point.

CARL GRABO

Christ Is Losing His World, by Lon Francis. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 1944. 104 pp. \$1.00.

This treatise purports to warn the world of a sinister and complex conspiracy against Christian civilization. Perpetrators of the fell, "pagan" plot include such diverse elements as: the socialists, communists, secularists, atheists, freemasons, Freudians, advocates of birth control, the Foreign Policy Association, the American Jewish Congress, *Time* and *Life* magazines, *The New York Post*, *PM*, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, sundry unspecified college professors, Drs. Bertrand Russell, George Crane, and L. M. Birkhead, Messrs. H. G. Wells, Douglas Reed, Kenneth Leslie, and Lewis Browne, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, and—Joseph Stalin. On the other side of the barricades, lone but

valiant Galahads, stand the Roman Catholic Church and—Mr. Lon Francis.

* * *

To call a spade a spade, this is nothing but the 1944 version of a familiar and persistent canard—the myth of a masonic (or Jewish) and anti-Christian world-conspiracy. Its direct prototype is the notorious volume in which, some forty years ago, the fanatical Russian priest Sergei Nilus likewise "warned" his fellowmen of the machinations of Antichrist and bolstered his claims by publication of that infamous forgery, the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*. The parallel is exact—and instructive. Both works are motivated by the same passion (possibly sincere) to defend Christianity from the threatened assault of a moral hydra. Both adopt the same technique of creating the myth of a world-wide secret plot engineered principally by freemasons, "international bankers," and radicals. Both exploit this ostensibly "religious" approach in order to underpin the crumbling structure of reaction in a period of international political embroilment. To make the parallelism complete—and to point up its sinister implications—it need only be remembered that the myth was similarly revived and exploited during the final stages of the First World War and that it has formed one of the staples of Nazi propaganda for the "New Order."

What really underlies the author's zeal for the Kingdom of God is revealed by a number of significant, but seemingly casual, observations scattered throughout his essay. Thus, while professing sentiments of brotherly love and concord, he nevertheless takes pains to stigmatize Max Lerner—quite irrelevantly—as "foreign born" (p. 30). He characterizes Lewis Browne's recent expose of fascism, *See What I Mean?* as "offensive to Christian readers" (p. 31), and denounces Carlson's *Under Cover* as a "smear book" (p. 27). Similarly, he deplores the lack of any favorable comment on Franco's Spain in a recent article in *Life* magazine (p. 35), and condemns Bishop McConnell for being chairman of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy (p. 59). Further, he speaks of the citizens of Great Britain and the United States as the "subjects" of Churchill and Roosevelt (p. 11), and left-handedly suggests that Archduke Otto might be a possible post-war ruler of a United Austria-Hungary (p. 12).

In order to cast over his assertions the aura of sinister, clandestine plotting, Mr. Francis resorts to the time-honored device of representing the open and public activities of this or that organization as matters most secret and covert. He alleges, for instance (p. 27), that the *Congress Weekly*, published by the American Jewish Congress, is "a confidential publication intended only for" some undefined "inner circle," whereas in point of fact, it is available to anyone and is even registered with the Post Office for second-class mailing privileges. Another distortion of the truth is represented on p. 19 where he wants his readers to swallow a re-hash of the old *Protocols* canard by alleging that the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations were drafted substantially by a masonic congress in 1917. Even if this were true, it is difficult to see wherein the crime lies; and mention of the fact as if it were evidence of a nefarious "scheme" (the word used) merely betrays the real anti-liberal tendencies of the author. In the same context Mr. Francis even permits himself this quotation from Count Sainte-Aulaire:

The secrets which have reference to the destinies of nations, before they speedily became open secrets, are the property of international bankers, Masonic Lodges, socialists and radical causes, in a word, of all those occult powers which control or exploit the world through the nominal powers of the world.

It would be difficult to find a more glaring instance of the revival of the *Protocols* myth, particularly when the author adds, on the authority of a Bishop Gawlina, that "the same forces are now at work quietly but effectively, reinforced by the agents of Moscow."

* * *

The author professes to have spent thirty-five years studying "the enemies of God and his Church" (p. 17), but the measure of his research and scholarship may be gauged from the following examples:

(1) On p. 52, he asserts that there are about 5,000,000 Jews in the U. S., but that "comparatively few . . . are even interested in the Mosaic religion which, they say, with its animal sacrifices and liturgy, is unsuited to modern times."

In the first place, the figure is in excess of even the most generous scientific computations. In the second place, Judaism has dispensed with animal sacrifices for nearly two thousand years.

(2) On p. 53, the reader is informed that "Hebrew publications urge Jews, living in the cities, to make friends with Unitarians who, like them, reject the divinity of Christ."

This is wholly untrue. The principal Hebrew publications in this country are the monthly *Bizaron*, the weekly *Ha-Doar*, and the educational journal *Ha-hinuk Ha-ivri*. None of these have ever advocated the line suggested. Moreover, the percentage of their readers among the alleged five million Jews is, in any case, negligible since few Jews read Hebrew.

(3) In addition to such misrepresentations of historical facts and egregious errors in judgment, this volume contains a number of inaccuracies, characteristic of the scholarship of the author: Sigmund Freud is twice cited as Sigmund Freud (pp. 14, 45); "raison d'être" becomes "raison d'entre" (p. 31); elsewhere *Izvestia* becomes *Ivestia*, etc.

Similarly, when a Gallup poll reveals that 68% of Catholic women in this country endorse birth control, this is dismissed as "likely not true. There is often a 'catch' in the manner in which questions are posed." No proof is given to render the figures untrustworthy.

Amusing for the reader and tortuous for Mr. Francis is his defense of the Papal Concordat with Hitler. Repudiating the suggestion that this may evidence fascist sympathies, the author asserts (p. 93) that "Concordats are seldom written with friendly powers. They are usually written with enemy powers in order that at least some of the rights of the Church may be respected by a dictator, an anti-Catholic or an anti-Christian ruler. Concordats do not imply friendly co-operation, but rather the opposite." Mr. Francis may be reminded that when the Founder of Christianity was tempted by the Devil, his reply was "Get thee behind me," not "Get thee beside me." It would be hard, indeed, to find a more specious defense of being in league with the devil than that there offered; and one wonders why, if Mr. Francis' argument is sincere, he so consistently urges the battling of Anti-christ. Why does he not suggest such a Concordat? Indeed, why, in that case, is there no Concordat with Soviet Russia? And why was there none with Saladin?

Both facts and logic receive cavalier treatment when they do not square with the author's prejudices. Thus, on p. 65, Mr. Francis stigmatizes as false the charge "that Jews were forced to receive baptism and embrace the Catholic faith during the Middle Ages." In the face of

established historical records, a statement of this sort is nothing short of flagrant falsehood. For, history is replete with indisputable evidences of compulsory baptism. One must only remember the utterly gruesome spectacles of the auto da fe in Spain and Portugal from the 15th to the 19th century or until 1834! It was Pope Sixtus IV who authorized the Catholic Kings to appoint inquisitors who, in conformity with John (15:6) "cast them into the fire" as prescribed in detail by Pope Innocent IV. How many Jews were put to death is impossible to determine since thousands of volumes of Inquisition reports in the archives of Spain and Portugal are still unpublished. However, from the lists prepared by Elkan Ader, M. Kayserling, Richard Gottheil, and others, it is clear that the Jewish "heretics" who were murdered under "processional pomp" for the "excitement and edification" of the faithful populace number many thousands. Likewise in Rome, where as late as the 19th century the Jews were compelled to listen to missionary sermons, the Jewish community was compelled to pay a huge fine if a certain number of Jews did not appear in the audience. It is likewise true that the Papal guards kidnapped Jewish children and the subsequent forced conversion was countenanced by the Vatican in spite of the imploring petitions by the parents and the Jewish leaders. Mr. Francis obviously does not consider these conversions as "forced baptism."

* * *

If this book were merely the work of a religious fanatic, it might be dismissed as unfortunate, but harmless. But its many political undertones, and its palpable disingenuousness, make it a peculiarly dangerous and pernicious publication. If it truly represents Catholic doctrine—and the fact that it appears with the "nihil obstat" and "imprimatur" of Bishop John Francis Noll would seem at least to indicate ecclesiastical approval—it provides in itself the most obvious evidence in support of the charges which it purports to refute.

EDWARD W. JELENKO

Prejudice, Japanese-Americans: Symbol of Racial Intolerance, by Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 337 pp. \$3.00.

In this volume we are presented with

a more or less complete history of the Japanese problem in America. We are taken back to the last quarter of the 19th century, at which time the Japanese started to come to this country, and finally reach the present, when the problem has assumed almost international proportions.

The problem of xenophobia in its relationship to the Japanese on the Pacific Coast is well worked out. McWilliams carefully traces the Japanese issue in West Coast politics. Used as a political football by ambitious and self-seeking political elements, the Japanese problem was always good for at least a few votes. In times of stress clever men manipulated the issue effectively to divert attention and public wrath from their own machinations.

The economic base of the problem is by no means neglected. The Japanese, starting as they did at the bottom of the ladder, were forced into several of the more marginal and undeveloped positions within the economic structure. By dint of unceasing application and carefully developed commercial techniques, before December 7, 1941 they were on the way to at least a modicum of economic security. This success did not pass unnoticed by members of the white community, particularly certain middle-class and lower middle-class groups. Insecure as they themselves were in the economic field, the destruction of the Japanese economic position became for them a desirable objective.

McWilliams considers also the cultural base of the problem. Certain groups in California developed an interest in a nativistic and "100% American" culture pattern. This pattern evoked a strong racial bias. Although individual Japanese were accepted and were able to find their place within the community, the general culture contained a strong anti-Oriental overtone.

Thus the stage was set for the Japanese-American future after Pearl Harbor. All of the influences and forces which have been mentioned were immediately magnified by this catastrophe. The issue was at once clearly defined. The economic, political, social, and psychological forces which had worked to keep the question alive for fifty years were effectively manipulated in the crisis to lead the West Coast to an orgy of race-baiting. Although there was no basis in actual

fact to fears of Japanese sabotage (Tokyo used Caucasians for this purpose and moreover all suspicious characters had been under surveillance for some time), the issue was effectively propagandized. Government officials and Army authorities seemed to share the phobia, and appeared to be under the thumb of those forces seeking to exclude the Japanese from the Coast.

In 1942, therefore, the 100,000 Japanese residing in the area were moved away from the Pacific region. Gathered in Relocation Centers, they suffered all of the physical privation and psychological cruelty that is the lot of the refugee. At present, some 50,000 or more have been released from these places of detention; many having resettled in the East and Middle West. About 30,000 still remain within the Centers. Another 15,000 have been declared disloyal and will be repatriated at the end of the war. Some Californians are seeking to exclude permanently all Japanese-Americans from the area.

While McWilliams does an excellent descriptive job, he, like many other students of society, finds that the formulation of the diagnosis is much easier than the prescription of the cure. He would use the power of the federal government to outflank the rabid Californians. He would create a federal agency to deal with the problem, give the Japanese and other minority groups special legal protection, and banish from our laws "every vestige of racism." In addition McWilliams would embark on an educational campaign designed to combat attitudes of racial superiority.

McWilliams' suggestions appear to be worthwhile as far as they go. His tendency however is to isolate the racial aspect of our culture from the culture itself. The author does this more by way of indirection than by means of specific denials. While limited progress may be expected in the area of race relations by the employment of the techniques which McWilliams suggests, it is doubtful whether in our peacetime economy, based as it is upon scarcity and restrictionism, much permanent good will result. Since our culture gives such great advantages to individuals who are anti-Japanese, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, and anti-Mexican, these positions will not be easily abandoned. A reorganization of our social life would seem to be the total solution,

as our racial attitudes are only a part of, and a pawn in, the social game which is being played about us. McWilliams would have us destroy the "racial wall," but we must recognize that this barricade is only part of the total defense system of our culture.

An additional word may be said about the interest and value which this book holds for Jewish readers. In many parts of the volume, one could substitute the word Jew for Japanese, so striking are many of the similarities. When the Japanese-American makes a success in business, he is said to monopolize the trade. As to his social acceptance, the following statement is significant: ". . . the Japanese were warmly regarded in California, on an individual basis, but personal friendship for a particular Japanese seldom changed the attitude toward the group as a whole. Leaders of the anti-Oriental agitation in California will tell you that "some of my best friends are Japanese." The Japanese also did a job of civic defense a la the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League: "Like other immigrants, the Issei (first generation Japanese in America) had sought patrons in the Caucasian world. They had attempted to identify themselves with the particular social groupings which seemed to have the greatest prestige and influence. They curried favor with the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Chambers of Commerce, and the American Legion and fondly imagined that these groups, which invariably participated in all their ceremonial celebrations, would rally to their defense." Another statement of McWilliams' is significant in this regard: "One could make a fat volume of the effusive tributes paid to the leaders of the Japanese communities by public officials of the State of California in the years from 1930 to 1941. The same individuals were the first to advocate the evacuation of the Japanese."

While this should not be construed to mean that the Jewish problem and the problem of the Japanese-American are the same, this volume does demonstrate the indivisibility of all minority problems. The many parallels found in the book would seem to confirm Prof. Raymond Kennedy's designation of the Jewish group in America as occupying a "quasi-caste position."

MARSHALL SKLARE

How to Tell Progress from Reaction: Roads to Industrial Democracy. By Manya Gordon. E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York. 320 pp. \$3.00.

Our eventful period of wars and social change has raised questions anew which some of us had not bothered ever to think through and to which others believed they had found the definitive answer. With the ancient problems of human freedom and self-realization today as controversial as ever, old convictions are being checked against new experience. Looking back on the past two years, what an amazing crop of challenge and defense! Take James Burnham's *The Machiavellians: Defenders of Freedom*, Arthur Koestler's *Arrival and Departure*, Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*, and Ludwig von Mises' *Bureaucracy*—to name only four of the notable products of this biennium. In a way, Manya Gordon attempts to present in some 300 pages what the four writers have wrestled with in one volume each, namely a critique of political thought, a political novel about modern man at the crossroads, a history of modern "serfdom," and an indictment of étatist bureaucracy. The result is disappointing.

Mrs. Gordon's primary aim is to compare the record of the more advanced capitalist democracies, the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, and that of pre- and post-revolutionary Russia in order to find out how the peoples of these countries have fared under their respective systems. But Mrs. Gordon is not satisfied to give a factual survey of social progress. Contending that social perfectionists of all times were autocrats at heart, she takes us back to Plato and his successors in Utopia down to the social experiments in 19th century America to prove her point. On top of that, the product of this inquiry into social thought and action aspires to being a novel, telling the story of Mr. Hopewell's conversion from a socialist of the old school to an undogmatic, pragmatic progressive.

First, a few words about the book as a novel. After being briefly acquainted with Mr. Hopewell's background, we lose sight of him completely to meet him again only at the end of a chapter or at the beginning of a new one and very occasionally in between. Then we are reminded that what we are reading is really what Mr. Hopewell is reading and that

the author's conclusions are really those her hero reaches. (He, at any rate, seems to find Mrs. Gordon's exposition convincing and conclusive.) Thus Mr. Hopewell remains a dry cliché, and the reader cannot possibly become interested in him. To drag in Mr. Hopewell between dissertations endowed with footnotes merely disturbs the continuity of thought and proves extremely annoying to the reader. But it does not help one iota to make the book a novel. The treatment of the many varied topics, from political theory to the pension rights of postal employees, is uniformly dull and uninspiring. There is nothing of Burnham's brilliant unraveling of the "real meaning" of political theories, none of Koestler's accomplished narrative, skillfully weaving into one inextricable unity fictitious talk and actors and the all too real problem situation we are facing.

The book's merits, then, must rest on its non-fictional content. The mass of factual information presented is impressive. It is of uneven quality, however, and frequently lacks the solid foundations of original source research and objectivity. With the exception of the chapters dealing with Soviet Russia, source references are mostly to secondary materials. Some chapters give the impression that a single monograph served as the basis for almost all the facts and the judgments presented in them. Naturally one may wonder, in view of this technique, just how much authenticity, impartiality, and finality they may claim. It occurred to this reader that the abundant details given are sometimes unnecessary and tiring yet, at the same time, spurious and inadequate. Why, for instance, use old 1940 figures in American social security statistics when much more recent figures available make the earlier ones appear considerably less significant today? Or why stop short, in describing the development of Britain's road to security, with the year 1931, skipping over not unimportant later changes to the Beveridge project of 1942, etc.? If the reader is asked to swallow a lot of figures and technical minutiae, presumably because they are important to form a correct estimate, then he is entitled to ask that they should be recent, complete, and authentic. Moreover, comparisons of different figures make sense only if they can reveal anything. But there seems to be very slight, if any, significance, indeed,

in the numerical relationship between elementary school children in the United States and the total population of Sweden; or workers in the United States and the total population of France; or even organized labor in 1944 and the number of Americans voting Republican in 1936. Why, then, drag them in? Some errors and obscurities come to mind: Unfortunately, our Social Security Act does not provide "for those who are ill or disabled" (p. 129), as Mrs. Gordon herself points out a few pages later (p. 132). The "optional clause" for the automatic submittal of certain international disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice referred to on p. 167 is not contained in the League Covenant but in the Statute of that Court. While the reader is warned that there is in the Soviet Union a two-track budgeting procedure for social security expenditures, it is not made clear just what is the social security budget and what the government budget. And while the book makes much of the bad system of nationalization as contrasted with the good system of socialization, one is not sure just where the line is to be drawn. The Federal Rural Electrification Administration is approved with enthusiasm, and "strict Federal supervision" in social insurance is called for. The far-reaching publicity control which the British government exercises over the BBC is apparently accepted, and so is the agricultural price fixing and wage fixing by the government in Sweden, etc.

Here are Mrs. Gordon's main findings which she duly impresses upon us: In the United States, Great Britain, and Sweden workers and people at large have made steady progress toward a better life for all. In the Soviet Union progress has been rapid at times but there have also been terrible reverses, so that on balance the pace of progress has in some fields not been greater than or as great as the beginnings under Tsarism. While Mrs. Gordon shows, on the one hand, the immense privation which the peoples of the Soviet Union have suffered and, on the other hand, the growth of autocratic rule beginning under Lenin (this is perhaps the best section of the book,) not even the author herself can simply blame the former or the latter. Rather she admits, as one cannot help admitting, that among the causes the initial backwardness of the new state and

its insecurity, especially since the rise of Hitler, have been looming large. Under these circumstances the more fortunate position today of the workers and peoples at large in the United States, Great Britain, and Sweden compared with those of the USSR—which few observers would have doubted or contested to begin with—proves little in so far as the comparative merits of capitalism versus socialism are concerned. Nor did it take a book to prove that peaceful ways are preferable to violent ones if they can lead to the desired goal. Both as to means and accomplishments a simple comparison of this sort is necessarily inconclusive.

Important and meaningful, however, is one almost incidental finding of Mrs. Gordon's survey. That is the growth of state control and intervention, in one form or another, in all the countries surveyed. And in appraising this fact, or rather failing adequately to do so, Mrs. Gordon has missed an essential point. For while she makes much of the (admitted) danger of state monopolization and bureaucratization, she fails to bring out the even more important, indeed basic, issue: who wields control over the state itself. For, as G. D. H. Cole has so aptly formulated it, "whether a particular measure of state control leads on to real Socialism or to Fascism is, in the last resort, a matter of the power behind it. If the State's power over the individual is to be increased, what matters is who controls the State. State authority, where the State merely does the bidding of great capitalist groups, is in effect the authority of these groups, and becomes an instrument of monopolist oppression. The same power, wielded by a state which truly reflects the will of the people, is a democratic power. . . ."

Mrs. Gordon's review of progress achieved in the West is interspersed with a good deal of optimism, as she tends to consider recent plans for better education, welfare, and other social progress as good as certain of fulfilment. Also it is accompanied by a good many pinpricks aimed at "Marxian purists." However, even one who is not himself a "Marxian purist" cannot help finding fault with some of Mrs. Gordon's interpretations of Marx and Marxism. It is one thing to maintain the need for a change in political theory and practice to suit changing external conditions (remembering that Marx himself, at times, saw fit to do so);

and it is another thing to imply that one is, in fact, merely interpreting Marx. Furthermore, it is decidedly unfair to present a thesis inadequately in order to be able to discard it with ease. Thus it is strange to find Marx and Marxism described as traditionally anti-peasant and, by implication "afraid of ownership (to wit: of a home and a little piece of land) for use." Strangest of all of Mrs. Gordon's allegations is the one that "Marxist materialists . . . hold that the bread-and-butter motive is the guiding force in the conduct of man." (p. 213). Such "interpretation" of historic materialism comes dangerously close to the all too familiar "authoritarian" technique of outright misrepresentation.

What remains to be noted, by way of conclusion, is this: Mrs. Gordon's inquiry stops precisely at the point where the real question begins which will decide the future of capitalism. Instead of giving the answer to that burning question Mrs. Gordon's otherwise laudable program of progressive reform, in which the repeated stress on the need for preserving individual liberty is particularly gratifying, seems to take the solution for granted without saying why or how. The problem is, of course, the full peace-time employment of men and resources.

Unless evolution as such is necessarily progress, and revolution is reaction, this book fails to tell us how to distinguish progress from reaction. And the reader who has finished with it may still be in the dark as to just what is Mr. Hopewell's "lifelong ideal of industrial democracy," the practical road to it, and the "new ideological approach."

GEORGE F. ROHRLICH

The Hitleriad, by A. M. Klein. New Directions Publishing Co. 31 pp. \$2.00.

Take Them, Stranger, by Babette Deutsch. Henry Holt and Company. 72 pp. \$2.00.

Once more A. M. Klein has invoked the poetical muse on Sinai, and tried to fuse Jewish tradition with the modern scene and derive from this combination some interesting and exciting verse. This book is called *The Hitleriad*. As its title suggests, it is designed to be an epic, not in the tradition of the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*, but rather in the tradition of the mock epics which have titillated the risibilities

of enlightened men and women century after century. But one must not think for a moment that this is anything like the mock epic, say, of Alexander Pope's *Rape of the Lock* or *The Dunciad*. The subject here is of so tragic a nature that the mockery necessarily takes on a tragic and stern note. One can be ironic—and Klein pulls all the stops in this composition—about the country of Beethoven and Goethe which could in the twentieth century find no better successors to these Titans than a demented paper hanger, a club footed halitotic, a tub-girthed arsonist; a country which—instead of Kant and Mozart—has given to the world, personalities which will be remembered for many years: Himmler, Streicher, Ley, Haushofer.

As I have suggested, Klein exploits most of the mock-heroic possibilities of his theme. He begins his poem with all the fire and thunder of the invocation of a genuine epic ("Heil heavenly must"). And how he can cry out with agonized bitterness at the Leader of the monsters, and the pack who are his followers.

Klein is savage—and rightly so. He is bitter—and rightly so. How much meaning there is in his passionate plea for justice which, in the midst of its despair, has a note of indomitable faith.

It should be made clear, however, that this kind of work is timely rather than of time and for all time. Its very concreteness takes away from it the universality it otherwise might have. The savage bitterness of its tone gives it the high gloss of passionate rhetoric; but it is rhetoric and not poetry. As an admirer of Klein the poet and Klein the man, I hope that he will not let his passionate convictions turn his art into polemic, as similar convictions have done with others of our artists. I cannot take seriously as a piece of poetry such lines as those which rhyme "swastika-stain" with "high octane." What is more important is that Klein should not take such lines seriously as poetry. It is too easy for the polemicist to become a mere pamphleteer, full of prosiness and bad poetry. I am convinced that Klein has far more than this to give to his muse and to the poetic world. The author of *Hath Not a Jew* has a more important contribution to make—and I am sure that he will make it.

The book of poetry by Babette Deutsch, *Take Them, Stranger*, represents an in-

triguing contrast to the poems by A. M. Klein. If Klein is rooted in the timely, Babette Deutsch takes many of the same problems and circumstances and gives them a universal significance. Her intention is suggested in the poem, "Sleeper," which touches quickly on the memorable universals—memory, night, the stars, the grassland.

It may be that Miss Deutsch gives us only "crumbs" of the universe. If they are, they are crumbs only in the sense that they are concrete, fragmentary. But she manages to give too the harrowing events which confront us in the daily newspapers a timeless sheen and the suggestion of a deep and eternal rhythm.

One gets the impression as he reads of a sensitive temperament reacting in a profoundly emotional way to the modern scene. Miss Deutsch writes with the most acute sensitivity of war, refugees ("Flight"), hate, confusion. Through it all runs the positive motif of paternity and maternity, of man renewing himself in a cycle which is an affirmation of its own. And over and beyond man is nature with its seasons, its ever new spring and its ever surprising dawn—and life goes on.

One gets the impression, too, of an unusually keen mind. It is a mind which is more than sharp; it is biting, cutting deep into the subject and holding on. In this connection, one may recommend her short piece, "Movies." The same intellectual and analytical element may be seen in "Then and Now," which begins and develops with a casual and yet exciting rhythm which catches one up.

In brief, this little book is the work of a finished poet. Her sensitivity, emotional depth, lucidity, and stylistic skill are evident throughout. Her poetic models are integrated into a whole; one may see, for example, the slight but intriguing suggestion of T. S. Eliot in "Memory," or of Yeats in "Despair" and "The Gulls." I would not even agree with those who assert that her intellect is too heavy for her emotions. The emotion, it seems to me, and the poetic temperament in general are profound, moving, deep, and justly controlled by a most acute intelligence. Klein would do well to study the implications of this kind of Hitleriad.

LEO SHAPIRO

Heinrich Heine, "Germany, A Winter's Tale," translated by Herman Salinger. L. B. Fischer. 156 pp. \$2.75.

Heine's "Winter's Tale" is in the genre of verse written expressly for purposes of satire and political comment, a method of poetic partisanship that has flourished in the tradition of European literature from the time of the Renaissance. In this form, differences with the court or ruling party were expressed not merely in "globalonies" and recriminations, but concluded more often than not in loss of patronage, banishment, imprisonment, and not impossibly, execution. As such, the verse satire was primarily propaganda before poetry, with the acrid and rhetorical preferred to the metaphoric. It was topical and allusive, and as early as a generation after its writing necessitated footnotes and appenda. This is not meant to make a case for the poet as politician, despite the Administration's recent and dubious homage to Archibald MacLeish, but to indicate those characteristics which often prevented verse satire from becoming fine poetry.

In 1843, Heine who had lived pleasantly and prosperously in exile in Paris for thirteen years, became afflicted with homesickness, and undertook a sentimental journey through the German provinces to his native city Hamburg. When he reached the border, and "heard the German tongue,

my feelings were hard to measure;
I felt precisely as if my heart
were bleeding to death with pleasure."

If these were actually his feelings, they were short-lived. The dark days of the reaction of 1831 had not been dispelled, nor had the paternal tyrants and censors become enlightened since Heine had first crossed the border, fleeing westward, to live among the "cheerful French."

The officials of the Customs Confederation "sniffed in drawers

for whatever they thought was hidden.
They were looking for laces and gems and jewels
and for books that were forbidden."

At Aachen, Heine saw the "Prussian military again . . . the same wooden, pedantic folk." He continued on to Cologne where once

"The flame of the funeral stake consumed
good books and men as one.
The loud bells rang and the people sang
"Kyrie Eleison."

It is startling to read today this stanza written in 1844 as a remembrance of the middle ages, and find it actually a prophecy of Nazi book-burnings, and the charnel house at Lublin a century later.

It is necessary to remember, however, that the basis of radicalism in 1830 and 1848, was chiefly political rather than economic. Like the revolutionists of his day, Heine was antimонаrchical, but the height of his social thought was Saint Simon, tinged with a romantic notion of an idyllic, naturalistic equality of man. The dream-allegory of Frederick Barbarossa is one of the most savage and provocative sections of the entire poem. With refined abuse and adroit detail, Heine describes the French national sport:

"The guillotine's a method, sire"—
I began my explanation—
by which live people are made dead
no matter what their station.

"They strap you to a board, like this;
it drops; and it gives you a shove
into a space between two posts;
a triangular blade hangs above;—

"They pull a string, the blade shoots down
and lands with quite a whack;—
at which point, of course, your head
lands neatly in a sack."

Heine, however, for all his *lèse majeste*, was no predecessor of Vansittart. He ridiculed the feeble burgomasters, the honorable senators and diplomats, condemned the barons, the "greedy rats," the acquiescent clerics and the craven censors, the armed lackeys, all the modern vassals of a medieval despotism, but, as the editor observes, "Heine loved Germany as ardently as the ancient prophets loved the land of Israel." Even in this bitter and pitiless poem, Heine avows his patriotism;

"Only in dreaming his ideal dreams
does a German play the part
of telling his German opinion, which grows
so deep in his loyal heart."

Despite his smiting of the Philistines, the royal poet laureates and court philosophers, of police-servants and anti-Semites, Heine was equally perceptive and scathing in his description of his co-religionists:

"The Jews may be subdivided again
in different classes, it's true:
the old ones go to the Synagogue,
to the Temple go the new."

"The new ones eat pork, act uppity,
democratic and emphatic.
The old are a little bit different,
a bit aristocratic."

Although it is possible to draw parallels to contemporary conditions, it is wisest to read Heine's "Germany" within the framework of his own time, and with the understanding of Heine's references to personal grudges and literary embitterments. Otherwise, liberals may find themselves using an imaginative book as the text of a world constitution, and the terminology of "race," and "nation" which had best be confuted rather than borrowed. Heine's vision of the phantasmagoria of Germany's future,

"Terrible were the smells, O my God!
that now displaced that of manure;
it seemed that someone had gathered the filth
out of an endless sewer."

is too vague, arbitrary, and suggestive of Dante chain-ganging his private enemies in Hell, to be of much value in solving the question of Germany tomorrow.

The translation is a labor of love by Herman Salinger, instructor in German Literature at the University of Wisconsin, and now first Lieutenant in the United States Army Air corps. Despite its general vigor and originality, the translation could not help but falter occasionally with an awkward rhyme, "crush y—Prussia," "sang—shebang," etc. due to the difficulty in translating the colloquial tone and informal and salty diction of Heine's German. Salinger's loyalty to the necessities of the idiom reduces him to such rhymes as "first-rate—portrait," and

"Birch-Pfeiffer would swill raw turpentine
as of yore did the ladies of Rome. (A
rumor asserts they did it to give
their urine a lovely aroma.)"

Frequently Salinger is guilty of padding a line with adverbs, "very," "so," "almost," "too," etc., for the sake of meter. In the main, however, these sophomoric lapses do not seriously impair the quality of the satire, since it is obvious that Heine could not have considered "A Winter's Tale," more than a collection of spirited epigrams by Oscar Wilde against his book-reviewers, and a Shavian lampooning of a Rule Germania.

ALLEN D. SCHWARTZ

Exiled Pilgrim, by William Hubben.
The Macmillan Company. \$2.

The War Against God. Edited and with an Introduction by Carl Carmer. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.75.

It is a comparatively unknown fact

that more than fifty thousand, or more than twenty per cent of the refugees from Nazi-occupied Europe who fled to the United States are Christians. One of these is Mr. Hubben, and his case history is particularly interesting as he is neither a "political" refugee not having been prominently active in any of the German political parties, nor a "racial" refugee, as he is an "Aryan," according to Nazi definition, but a "religious" refugee, in other words, a *rara avis*. The present book, a chronicle of the author's "religious growth," is valuable insofar as it helps us understand why the Nazis were able to wage their "War Against God" in Germany with such an astounding initial success.

Mr. Hubben was born in 1895 in a small Rhineland village near the Dutch border. While yet a child he was dragged into the senseless struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism still raging in Germany almost three centuries after the Peace of Westphalia, an internecine strife that finally permitted Hitler to carry off the spoils. In the predominantly Catholic Rhineland the Lutherans were a persecuted minority. The boy learned that both Lutherans and Jews were destined to go to hell. He was urged by his teachers and parents not to associate with Lutheran children and saw the sexton maltreat a Lutheran boy for a minor misdemeanor. True, there were some more liberal-minded persons in the village, like the old parson, but the vast majority were fanatics like his grandparents, particularly his grandfather, who prevented his daughter Greta from marrying her Dutch fiancé because he was neither a German nor a Catholic: "Heaven, too, could not consent to this marriage. God was German, as Jesus most certainly was a Catholic. Nobody ever said so. But who would ever state matters so obvious to anyone?"

Mr. Hubben gives a very frank description of life in a German village in the years preceding the first World War. Corporal punishment was still permitted in the school rooms where the Kaiser's picture hung on the wall below the crucifix. Father Sonnemann, the religious instructor, warned the children of the lusts of the flesh, told them that Satan was everywhere and emphasized that both Protestants and Jews were doomed. As for Miss Adrian, the white collar worker, employed in a tie factory owned by a Jew, she regretted that the Emperor be-

longed to the Protestant faith, but agreed with the Kaiser that religion must be preserved for the people. "Ha-ha, for the people," laughed one of the workers who had to toil no less than twelve hours a day. "That means the working classes. The rich don't need it. Neither do they care. They should because they have something to thank their God for. We haven't. We have only something to pray for. And we do not get it. That's the whole difference."

The youngster's firm alliance with narrow-minded "Catholicism," blended with emperor worship, was first shaken by Uncle Henry from New Jersey who had returned for a brief visit to his native town. "I like to go to other churches too," he bluntly asserted. "I go to the Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist. I have been at the meetings of the Quakers, where men and women speak whenever they feel God's spirit in them. I have even been at a Jewish synagogue, and I liked it there, too. Most of these churches are unknown here in Germany. We in America think no emperor or president ought to interfere in church matters. There was a Sunday or two when I just went strolling about the fields listening to the wind and dreaming. I thought God was there too. Judging from the Bible, He likes the outdoors. Isn't He everywhere?"

Mr. Hubben served in the first World War and subsequently taught in a country district school near the Belgian border. The fact that the school inspector became indignant when Hubben removed the emperor's picture from the wall was typical of the spirit prevalent in large sections of "Republican" Germany! The young teacher got in touch with the Social Democratic party, the Youth Movement, the German branch of the Mennonites. He studied Marx, Kierkegaard, and Tolstoy, and gradually turned from "official Christendom," the hollowness of "Sunday Christianity," the hypocrisy and narrow-mindedness of the state-supported clergy. Disgusted with all branches of German Christianity, he became acquainted with the American Quakers, who in the post-war years fed millions of starving children in Central Europe. He describes them as people who have a faith without a creed, who believe that every individual, high or low, strong or weak, is endowed with a divine element, people who regard priests, ministers, and

sacraments as unnecessary and who abandoned the doctrine of Original Sin, Penitence, and Moral Depravity.

When he officially joined the Quakers, he was considered a renegade and outcast by his Catholic fellow-teachers. Similarly, his Nazi colleagues at Magdeburg where he had been transferred from Krefeld, attacked him and his fellow-teachers who visited France as "traitors" and "bootlickers of the French." This happened in 1929 when a Social Democrat was Chancellor of the Reich and the Government embarked upon a policy of rapprochement. Already at that time there was a considerable number of Nazi sympathisers among the teachers, although outwardly they remained loyal to the Republic. But "who could resist this shower of color, flags, and uniforms; of ribbons, badges, and pins. . . . Were any young teachers strong enough to fight off the semi-mystical fervor of losing themselves in a magnetic spectacle of the masses and the hypnotism of the same voice hammering into hearts and minds a new vision?"

Mr. Hubben, the "internationalist" Quaker was discharged when the Nazis came to power. He emigrated first to England and then to the United States where he is now Director of Religious Interests at George School, Pennsylvania. *Exiled Pilgrim* is an unassuming though very readable account of German civilization, and especially German religious life in the three decades preceding Hitler's assumption of power. Although an outspoken liberal, Mr. Hubben regrettably reiterates the Nazi slogan that the Versailles Treaty was solely responsible for the plight of post-war Germany.

Had Christianity and democracy been as firmly embedded in Germany as they are, for instance, in the Scandinavian countries, Hitlerism would never have conquered the German people. While the political and religious factions in Germany were fighting among themselves, the cynical Hitler appeared, resolved to annihilate all parties and religions and put himself in their place. Mr. Carmér, editor of *The War Against God* therefore did not express the entire truth when he asserted, in his preface, that "our enemies are engaged in a deliberate attempt to annihilate the Christian religion." He should have said all religions. Later on, it is true, he admits that "every idea which any man of good will toward his fellows may regard as decent and hon-

orable and good, every noble concept of Buddha and Confucius and Mohammed, every aspiration toward a friendlier, kinder, more peaceful world will be doomed to a long struggle for survival in a world where force and deceit and cruelty are deified." Nevertheless, an anthology entitled *The War Against God* should have included statements, not only of Christians, but also of Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Taoists. Wasn't the destruction of more than five hundred synagogues in Germany, in November 1938, also a part of the "War Against God?" Are our Chinese allies sufficiently represented in this volume by the voices of *Christian Chinese*, while the overwhelming majority of the Chinese nation embraces Buddhism or Taoism, creeds ethically far superior to that Shintoism introduced into China with the help of Japanese bayonets? And would the Nazis have refrained from exterminating the Islamic faith if they had ever occupied an Islamic country for a sufficient length of time?

In spite of these undeniable omissions this anthology is to be highly recommended to the student of contemporary atheism and religiousness. The former is represented by quotations from Hitler's utterances, the Fuehrer having declared to Kurt Ludecke that he was a "heathen to the core" and that one is "either a German or a Christian." This ideology finds expression in the program and tenets of the official German State Church, drafted in 1941 by Alfred Rosenberg, who openly declared that the main objective of the religion (sic!) of National Socialism was the destruction of "that Christian belief imported into Germany in the unfortunate year 800, whose tenets conflict with both the heart and the mentality of the German." And then there are the excerpts from the "Confessions of a Nazi Soldier" who, claiming to speak on behalf of all fighting German youth, declared brutally: "In Germany today Christian soldiers do not exist any longer."

Christianity at its best is represented by the voices of more than thirty statesmen, clergymen, writers, and soldiers of the United Nations as well as by Joint Statements of leaders of Christianity refuting Nazism. Significantly, Metropolitan Sergius, head of the Russian Church, is included in this collection. Another feature that will be welcomed by those who want Christianity to participate in

mankind's fight for the "Freedom from Want" is "The Price of Free World Victory," a speech made by Vice President Wallace. Every true Christian and every member of any other religious group will agree with Mr. Wallace that, as he humorously stated, the object of this war is to make sure that everybody in the world was to have the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day, or even half a pint, as modified by Madame Litvinoff.

ALFRED WERNER

The First Round, by Joseph Gaer. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1944, 478 pp.

This is a short and exciting history of the pre-election activities of the CIO PAC and a statement of its goal, its blueprint for tomorrow, not just for labor but for all America, as it appeared in its original organizational pronouncements, campaign pamphlets, and releases.

Its over-all objective is to have the common man work and learn to understand political questions—the basis of his economic life; to awaken him to their meaning and personal significance to him. It aims to arouse in him a consciousness that America, with its great resources, industries, farms, cities, its democratic faith, ideals of equality of opportunity, of fair play, and social justice, are his and have been entrusted to him, and depend on him, if they are to be preserved, and on his prerogative and duty as an American to vote and see that they are safeguarded and developed and their benefits enjoyed by him and all Americans, without distinction of race, creed, color, or religion, to be passed on by him to the next generation, riper with potentialities for more illustrious achievements.

This entire PAC movement is predicated on the democratic credo that if 85,000,000 qualified American voters go to the polls, they will vote intelligently and will elect a progressive, liberal government, working for the political and economic advancement of all America. In that faith, great effort was made to bring out the largest possible vote to assure the election of President Roosevelt and a liberal Congress sympathetic to PAC's program and goals. The hysterical denunciations of that attempt to lead the common man to political maturity and the realization that economics is enlightened politics, is treated good-naturedly. Yet pains are taken to disclaim that the defeat of legislators marked for defeat by

PAC was the achievement of PAC alone. Great emphasis is placed on the fundamental idea that there is no clash between the laborer, the farmer, the professional man, the small business man—the true believers in free enterprise—and the program of PAC. On the attainment of prosperity by any one of them depends the prosperity and progress of all, and the peace and security of any one is inseverably inter-dependent upon the peace and security of all.

In simple and moving terms, the writer tells vividly the story of the activities and leadership of the CIO and NATIONAL COMMITTEE (NC) PAC. Back in 1943, Philip Murray, president of CIO, initiated PAC and appointed Sidney Hillman its chairman. Mr. Hillman brought to the job a wealth of diversified experience, as the original organizer and president of a powerful labor union, as a business executive, president of the Amalgamated Banks of New York and Chicago, which firmly withstood the trying days of 1931-33, and as the successful builder and operator of a large housing project, the Amalgamated Apartments in New York. This cumulative experience of his, his genuine idealism, and his devotion to the democratic cause, pervaded and permeated the literature and activities of PAC and made Hillman the target of bitter and poisonous out-pourings of the press, focusing the attention of the entire country on the great spectacle and tremendous drama of labor consciously and vigorously entering the political arena in behalf of the American people.

The blue-print and permanent objective of PAC is to weld together all Americans of good-will, not in a narrow program for any special group, but for all America, for the realization of:

1. A full, uncompromising victory over the Axis, exterminating to the root all vestiges of Nazism and Fascism at home and abroad.
2. The establishment of a durable world peace, based on free and decent interchange between all peace- and freedom-loving peoples; collaboration and cooperation on the principles of the Four Freedoms and the Teheran and Moscow Conferences, guaranteeing an International Bill of Rights.
3. A planned transition from war to peace, with government participation, for full production and full employment, securing their continuation by making

industry and enterprise free through the elimination of monopolies and cartels; planned full peacetime employment through the establishment of industry councils and for governmental war on poverty by securing to every man freedom from want and decent shelter, with a fuller program of social security, unemployment, sickness and accident insurance, and old-age pensions; the passage and enforcement of a Fair Employment Act, and implementing these objectives by a large number of other reforms: passage of a universal educational system, with national subsidies, guaranteeing a minimum of high school education to every American child, and higher salaries for teachers; the elimination of the poll tax; and the passage of economic and Veterans' Bills of Rights, so that a better world will emerge after the war, with the guarantee of the good and abundant life.

The book is very readable, although the reprint of various releases makes it repetitious. It is well illustrated with photographs, drawings, and cartoons. It is an exceptionally fine manual for political campaigning by the interested citizen, giving him detailed instructions for electioneering among his neighbors and canvassing neighborhoods through personal conversation, public oratory, and radio programs.

SAMUEL P. GURMAN

The Control of Germany and Japan, by Harold G. Moulton and Louis Marlio, the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., 1944. \$0.50.

As the present world conflict gradually reaches the climactic stage, the problem of what to do with the aggressor nations, Germany and Japan, assumes greater significance. In recent months numerous plans have been suggested as solutions to a problem whose importance we shall more fully comprehend in days to come when we are faced with the unpleasant reality of trying to "humanize" our present enemies. These plans range from the so-called extremist Morgenthau plan, which purportedly advocates complete eradication of Germany's industrial economy, to plans which advocate a "soft" peace or at best a superficial control of a few key industries significant for the production of armaments as a means to stave off a third world conflict a generation or so hence.

To the latter classification belongs the Moulton-Marlio study *The Control of Germany and Japan*, which is published by the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., one of the foremost centers of research in this country in the field of the social sciences. Harold G. Moulton is the President of Brookings Institution. Louis Marlio, a Frenchman, has been on the staff of Brookings since 1941 and is described as an engineer, an industrialist, and a professionally trained economist.

This little book of only 116 pages has created somewhat of a stir throughout the country, particularly in governmental and academic circles. The Book-of-the Month Club has found this publication of such vital importance that it distributed 600,000 copies to its members so that "every American citizen should be informed of its contents."

The main thesis of the book centers around the question: What must the world do to keep Germany and Japan from starting another war of conquest, after they have sufficiently recovered from the present war? As a first prerequisite, the authors proceed to analyze the various political and economic schemes proposed to keep the two aggressors from embarking on future undertakings for world domination. Each of these schemes is examined in turn and the authors then present their views as to which is likely to be futile and which promises to be effectual. In the case of Germany, for example, they find that the plan to partition it into small states would have serious effects upon economic conditions and employment there and the economic consequences would be strongly felt in other countries. In similar fashion, the authors rule out other schemes concerned with territorial readjustments such as creation of an independent Rhineland, separation of East Prussia, or isolation of Prussia.

Next come the plans concerned with economic controls. Thus, the suggestion to reduce Germany to an agricultural status is eliminated on the ground that an agricultural Germany could not support the present population. In similar vein, the plan to exert control over German industry is scrapped as impracticable because it would contract international trade instead of expanding world economy which is beneficial to all nations. Plans designed to prevent German rearmament by controlling the imports of

strategic minerals would be impossible to realize, in the opinion of the authors, because of the many difficulties involved such as the use of substitutes, smuggling, and other evasive methods.

In the case of Japan, Drs. Moulton and Marlio are not so "soft" as with Germany, though here too most of the economic plans designed to prevent Japanese aggression are found to be inadequate and impracticable. They do reach the conclusion that Japan must be deprived of its colonies upon which her military power is so dependent for its sources of supply. This suggestion, the authors admit, is not original with them; it stems from the Cairo declaration of December 1943 when Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek agreed that Japan must be reduced to a pre-imperial status. Moreover, they believe that cutting off Japanese imports of certain raw materials such as sugar, rice, cotton, wool, nickel, tin, lead, oil, rubber, coal, and iron ore, would be a much more effective economic control against Japan than against Germany, despite the fact that administrative complications and economic repercussions would make this method virtually self-defeating.

After extensive exploration of the problem, the authors become aware, on the one hand, that direct and general economic supervision would require a permanent army of controllers whose presence would be a source of perpetual tension and criticism, as well as a continuous impediment to production and international trade; and on the other hand, that indirect and partial control would be inadequate.

By this time the reviewer looks forward to a middle-of-the-road suggestion, but instead we are confronted with a plan advocating certain industrial controls backed by joint military force of the United Nations. The authors believe that the most effectual method to insure the world against future German and Japanese aggression is through restriction on importation of raw materials and through direct supervision of a few key industries such as oil, metals, aviation, and electric power. These economic restrictions are to be backed by firm military measures to be applied in case of revolt.

While on the surface the plan, which in reality advocates partial supervision, assumes the aspect of economic control, actually it is one of military control pro-

jected at the point of a bayonet. We do not question the factor of coercion—the German and Japanese peoples have shown that they do not deserve better treatment by the rest of mankind—but we do wish to question the effectiveness of the military control plan suggested by Moulton and Marlio. There are too many weaknesses, too many loopholes, and too much explosive material around which to rally super-nationalistic forces in both countries for a plan of this sort to be successful and assure a proper degree of safety for the rest of the world.

We further question the selection of the so-called "key" industries for control. Such basic industries, which are of paramount importance for war preparation, as the metallurgical industry, machine tools, aluminum and magnesium, the chemical industry, the railroads, and others are summarily dismissed by the authors on the grounds that their control would produce serious economic consequences, that it is not feasible, not necessary, impracticable, or too difficult to control them.

Yet on the basis of this meager control of a few key industries the authors are optimistic enough to believe that a system of military controls can be relied upon to assure world stability. On second thought, they admit that their plan "would not insure universal peace," and that under the most auspicious circumstances "it would be an accomplishment of paramount importance if Germany and Japan could be effectually restrained for at least a generation" (p. 105).

This is not what we are fighting for. We are not fighting to restrain these two aggressors merely for one generation only to have our children go through the same ordeal in the future. If that is all we can accomplish or look forward to, the time has come to scrap all our plans, soft, medium; or hard, for economic or military control of Germany and Japan. The long list of aggressive acts of these two nations against other nations, large and small, have established them as the prime disturbers of world peace.

Any prospects for establishing universal peace would therefore require complete and unequivocal destruction of German and Japanese political, military, and economic power, save for their agricultural economy. If the result will be serious economic dislocations in the two countries, that will be their price to pay,

and no one to blame but themselves. As for the economic repercussions on the rest of the world, they should be more welcome than the world conflicts repeating themselves in successive generations with greater ferocity, huge loss of life, and tremendous destruction and economic dislocation. It is we or they; our children—or theirs. MURRAY FRANK

Were The Minorities Treaties a Failure? By Jacob Robinson, Oscar Karbach, Max M. Laserson, Nehemiah Robinson, and Marc Vichniak. Institute of Jewish Affairs. 349 pp. \$2.00.

It is an unhappy experience to return with the able authors of this volume to the scenes at Versailles, in 1919, at the end of World War I, when the Big Four—Wilson, Clemenceau, Orlando, and Lloyd George—gathered to pit their combined wisdom against the repetition of another catastrophe. The failure of these men to prevent a far greater war plagues humanity to this day. One shudders at the prospects before mankind when soon another group of leaders shall again attempt, upon the defeat of Germany and Japan, to make peace secure and permanent—and fail.

Among the many problems the Allied Powers sought to resolve—after the question of Germany's punishment was decided upon—was the treatment of minorities in the various states of Europe; the Big Four refused to incorporate in plain language and binding laws of the covenant, legislation to this end. Rather it decided to impose its will in the very treaties by virtue of which new states were created in Europe and the old were permitted to exist. Thus, a new Poland had to acquiesce in the program of the Allies; next, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Hungary, Albania, Turkey, etc., each agreed to guarantee minorities in its land—the Jews in Poland, the Slovaks in Hungary, the non-Moslems in Turkey, the Germans in Czechoslovakia—certain rights apart from such rights as were theirs as citizens of these countries. These rights were freedom from persecution because of religion and creed, respect for their language and cultural heritage, and protection from discriminatory laws. The price of compliance was membership in the League of Nations.

The minorities in the many states were given the right of petition for redress

for wrongs suffered before a permanent Court of Justice—a department of the League of Nations. Altogether, say the authors, some twenty-five million people—minorities—were the charge of the League. In the twenty years the League functioned it was the barometer of the state of civilization in Europe. Whenever, and wherever a united League sought to assert the cause of righteousness the small state which wanted to impose its ill will upon a minority within its borders cringed for pardon and righted the publicized wrongs. While Poland under Beck, resenting the League's watchful eyes over its treatment of the Jews, sought to abandon its early promise to mete out justice to its minorities—because it reckoned such a promise as an affront to its sovereignty—a sharp verbal slam on its knuckles from the League's council brought it to its senses. Bratiano of Roumania, upon occasion, was prevented from over indulgence in the practice of pogroms; Greece, Turkey, and Latvia were shown the error of their ways upon petitions from minorities.

The League was a tremendous force for the protection of the underdog whenever England and France supported it and it was the conscience of Europe in the twenty years of its existence. Much as the minorities were mistreated by the very countries who promised to succor them—in point of economic opportunities, pursuit of education, the practice of religion—still, cold murder of the Hitler style was seldom perpetrated. With the beginning of the European War in 1939 the League, of course, ceased to exist.

To expiate upon "what might have been" had the American Congress followed Wilson rather than Senator Lodge, and the United States had joined the League is a thankless task. It is painful and probably unscientific to impute to one single cause the appalling number of deaths which resulted because the one agency—The League of Nations—was too impotent to impose its will on a Hirohito, Mussolini, or Hitler. The important thing is the prevention of more mistakes.

Are the Minorities Treaties a Failure? is a competent and a thorough piece of political and social history of the last two decades. It would be a calamity if the lessons of this book are unheeded and dismissed. The publication of this volume is an important contribution to the cause of peace.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

